THE AMERICAN WEST

John Clymer's painting *The Gold Train*, reproduced on the covers of this issue, is one of three mural-sized canvases completed by the artist in 1970 for display at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. The steely eyed, lead rider in *The Gold Train* is carrying a Henry 16-shot, lever-action repeating rifle, famous forerunner of the Winchester Model 1866 rifle. Examples of both rifles, together with more than 1,600 other historically significant firearms, will be on display at the Center's newly expanded Winchester Museum following dedication ceremonies on June 14. A color portfolio of notable firearms from the new Winchester Museum begins on page 34.

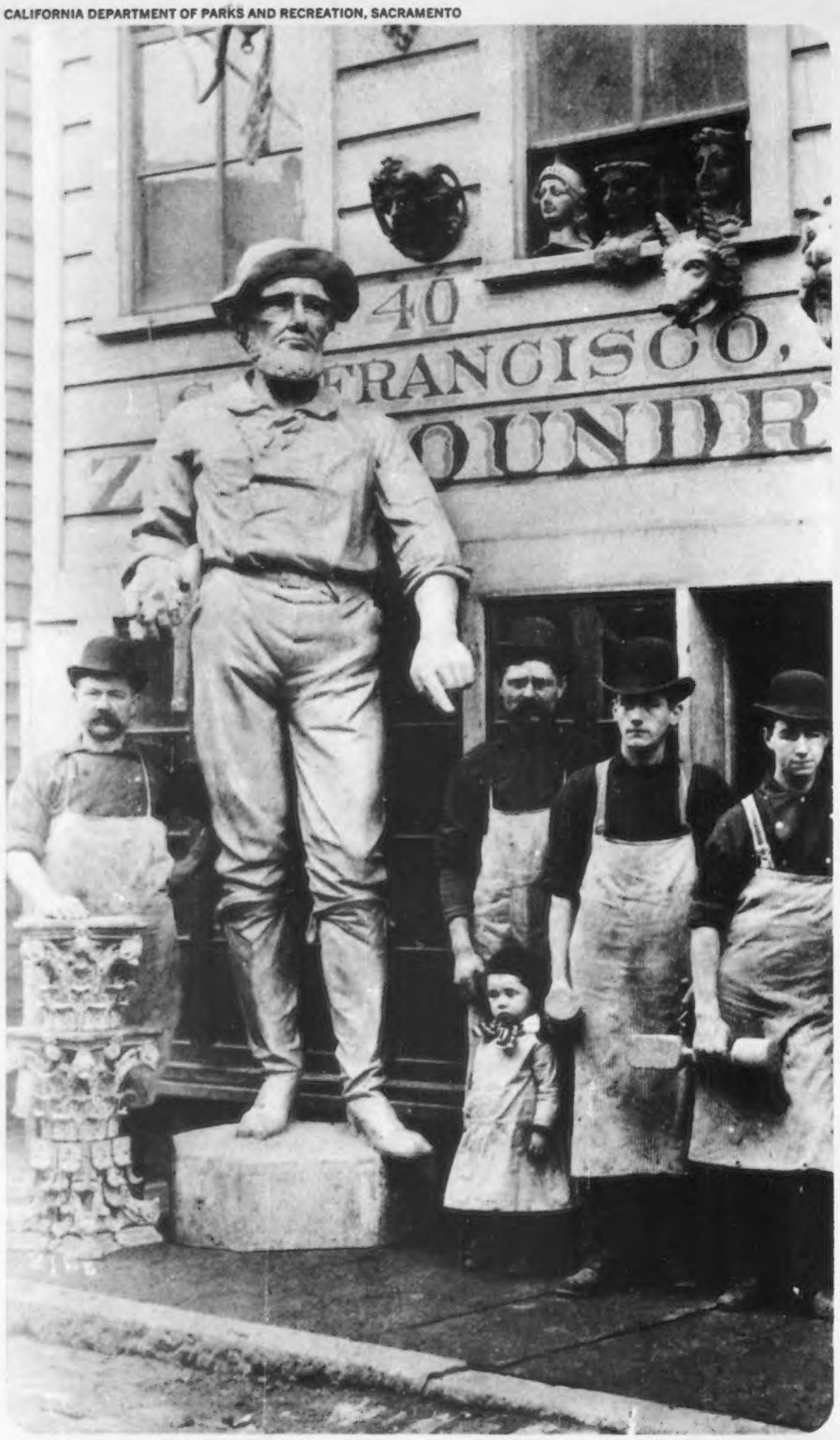
COVER PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY OF ARTIST JOHN CLYMER AND THE BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, CODY, WYOMING

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO/LOS ANGELES

The dilapidated building above was originally the center of a thriving community, Sutter's Fort, established by a Swiss adventurer in the interior of California during the early 1840s. Captain John Sutter nurtured his enterprise at present-day Sacramento, gaining widespread fame and influence. As champion of American interests and as hospitable host to overland immigrants, Sutter played an important role in the United States acquisition of California. After suffering reverses during the gold rush, he was obliged to sell Sutter's Fort, which deteriorated until only the decaying structure above remained by 1880. For the story of John Sutter, his enterprises, and reverses, see page 4.

The American West recently received two major publishing awards. At ceremonies on April 9 the Western Publications Association named *The American West* winner of the 1980 award for Best Regional and State Publication in the western United States (an honor the magazine shares in a tie with *New West*). The May/June 1979 Indian issue of *The American West* was named Best Special Edition of any consumer magazine in the West during the past year.

CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION, SACRAMENTO



JAMES MARSHALL'S discovery of gold in 1848 at Sutter's Mill in California catapulted the area into frenzied activity, resulting in rapid development of the Golden State. The stalwart foundry workers in the old photograph above have just completed a heroic bronze statue of the brooding discoverer, which the state placed above his grave in Coloma in 1889. For accounts of this tragic gold rush figure—and the site he made famous—turn to pages 16 and 18.

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THE MAGAZINE OF WESTERN HISTORY

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VISIONARY AND VICTIM:

CAPTAIN JOHN AUGUSTUS SUTTER

by Richard Dillon

DESPITE EFFORTS over seventy-five years by numerous biographers, the pioneer who personified the transition of California from Mexican to American rule remains almost as enigmatic as ever. Captain John Augustus Sutter, the picturesque and puzzling adventurer of California's frontier, has been idealized as a superman by some writers who saw him as a flawless explorer, a bold and humane general, a generous pioneer, and "a man of noble bearing, large heart and singleness of purpose." He has also been caricatured by a few authors as a befuddled drunkard, lost in a welter of debts irresponsibly contracted.

Novelists as well as historians and biographers have had a go at the founder of American California. Third-rate potboilers and run-of-the-mill costume pieces have dramatized Sutter's role in the gold rush, offering no new perceptions or insights, only entertainment. Other tales have absurdly garbled western history, presenting Sutter as a melodramatic baron fending off Apache raids in his California domain, enveloped in a southern atmosphere of magnolias and banana palms. Rarely have authors grappled with the slippery *persona* of the real Sutter, settling instead for an easy stereotype. A few have eulogized him as a knight in shining broadcloth; others have seen him as a scoundrel. Only James P. Zollinger in *Sutter, the Man and His Empire* (1939) and the present writer with his *Fool's Gold* (1967) made honest and balanced attempts to size up the real Sutter hiding behind the flamboyant image of the pioneer entrepreneur.

To understand John Sutter's colonization efforts, his relationship with the Mexican authorities, and his importance to American settlement, one must first understand something of Sutter's personality. He is an extremely difficult subject for biographers. It is as if the picture one sees of him, when the canvas is placed under infrared light, reveals hidden brush strokes. Beneath the pigment there is an entirely different, subsurface portrait. Naturally, one wonders which is closer to the real thing—the superficial, goateed, Napoleon III–like person on top or the quixotic fellow beneath.

John Sutter was an adventuring romantic, a complex of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A prepossessing imposter, he swaggered under false colors, his outward appearance unreliable because it hid an inner turmoil. Beneath his bravado, Sutter was assailed by self-doubt. He was courageous in his aspirations and doubtless thought himself to be as valiant of will as the image which he so assiduously portrayed in his role playing. But when the chips were down, he was hesitant or passive. After torturing himself with the question "How will I react when finally faced with real challenge and danger?" he found himself in a near paralysis of will.

Although Sutter was of Swiss descent, he was so bored

Dreams of military glory and romantic adventure sparked Captain John Sutter's desire to establish his own pioneer colony in Mexican California. Confident and successful, Sutter is shown here during his prime as lord of the Sacramento. Though occupied with far-flung economic and political enterprises, Sutter found time to provide generous hospitality to all who visited him.

PORTRAIT BY SAMUEL OSGOOD.
COLLECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SAN FRANCISCO

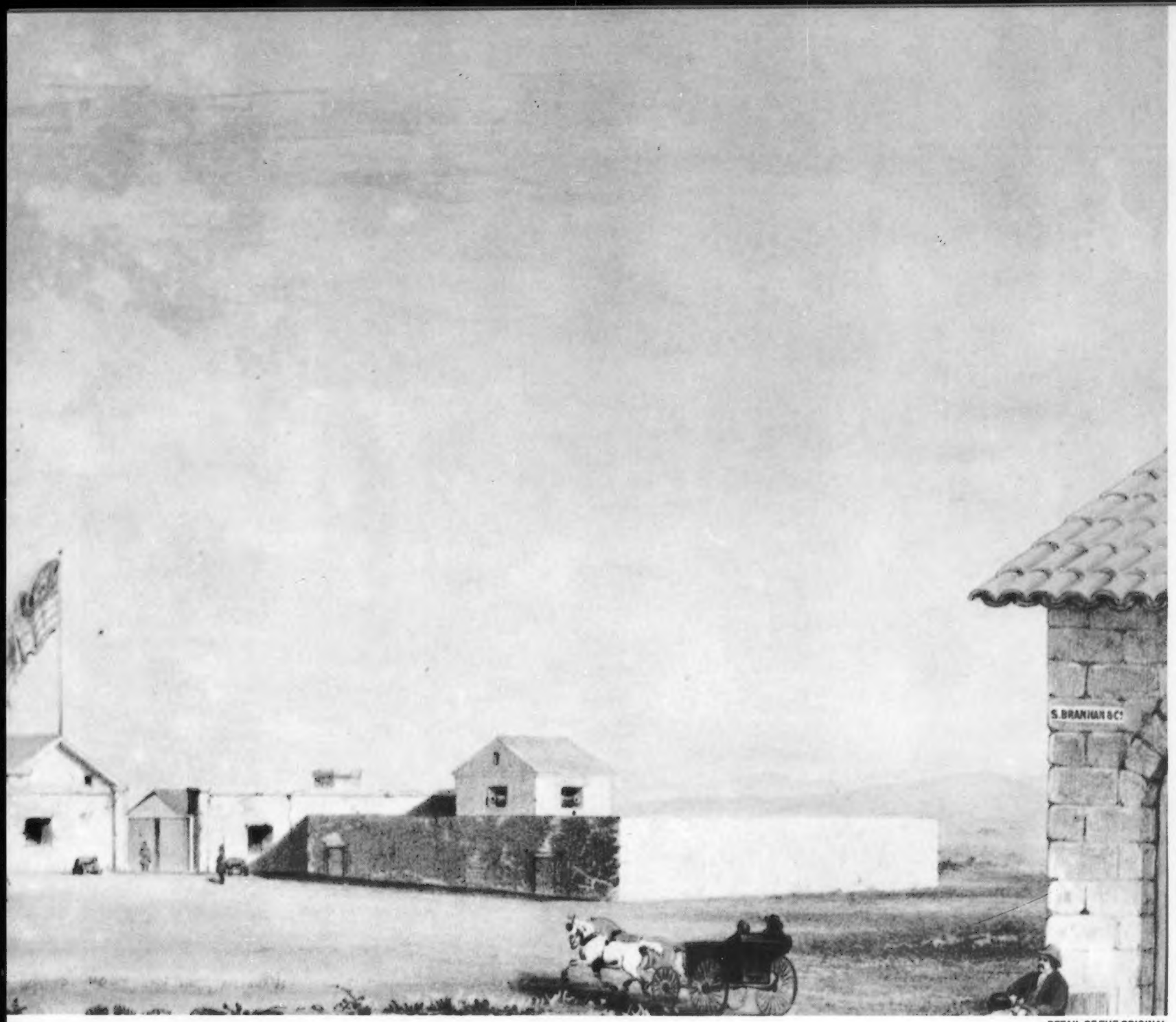
COLLECTION OF THE AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF WESTERN ART, FORT WORTH

with Switzerland's stodgy stereotype that he assumed a Frenchified appearance. The handsome young man with dashing moustache and sideburns, military bearing, and natty uniform not only spoke and wrote French, he bragged of service in Charles X's army—a romantic pretension. Most Californians were taken in by his wishful thinking as, indeed, he was himself, after repeating the white lies so often. Titus Fey Cronise (in *The Natural Wealth of California* [1868]) did not realize how close he was to the real truth when he wrote that Sutter's history "seems more like a series of ingeniously contrived fictions than a narrative of sober facts."

The pseudo-Gallic Swiss, who later became a Mexican citizen and finally an American, was born neither in Switzerland nor France. He was a *Dütsch-Schwyzer,* born Johann August Sutter on February 15, 1803, in Kandern, in the Germanic margravate of Baden. But the village lay only twelve miles north of Basel, Switzerland. Hypnotized by the Napoleonic myth of his youth, Sutter became a confirmed Francophile when he went away to school at Neuchatel. Later, he briefly Gallicized his name to J. Auguste Souter.

Alas, it was to Basel, not Paris, that Johann was sent by his parents as an apprentice to a printing, publishing, and bookselling firm. When he became infatuated with Annette Dubeld of Burgdorf, he followed her to that town. There he had to settle for the job of a grocery clerk. Sutter proved to be not only impatient and impetuous but amorous, too. A hasty marriage had to be arranged for October 24, 1826. The very next day, Johann, Jr. was born.

At the age of twenty-three, John Sutter postponed his grand dreams of adventure. By the time he was thirty-one years old, he had five children and was still broke. He saw himself as the classic victim, a prisoner of fate and misfortune. Although he had worked hard in establishing a dry goods store, his expensive tastes (fine books, stylish clothing) and an absconding partner drove him to bankruptcy.



DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL

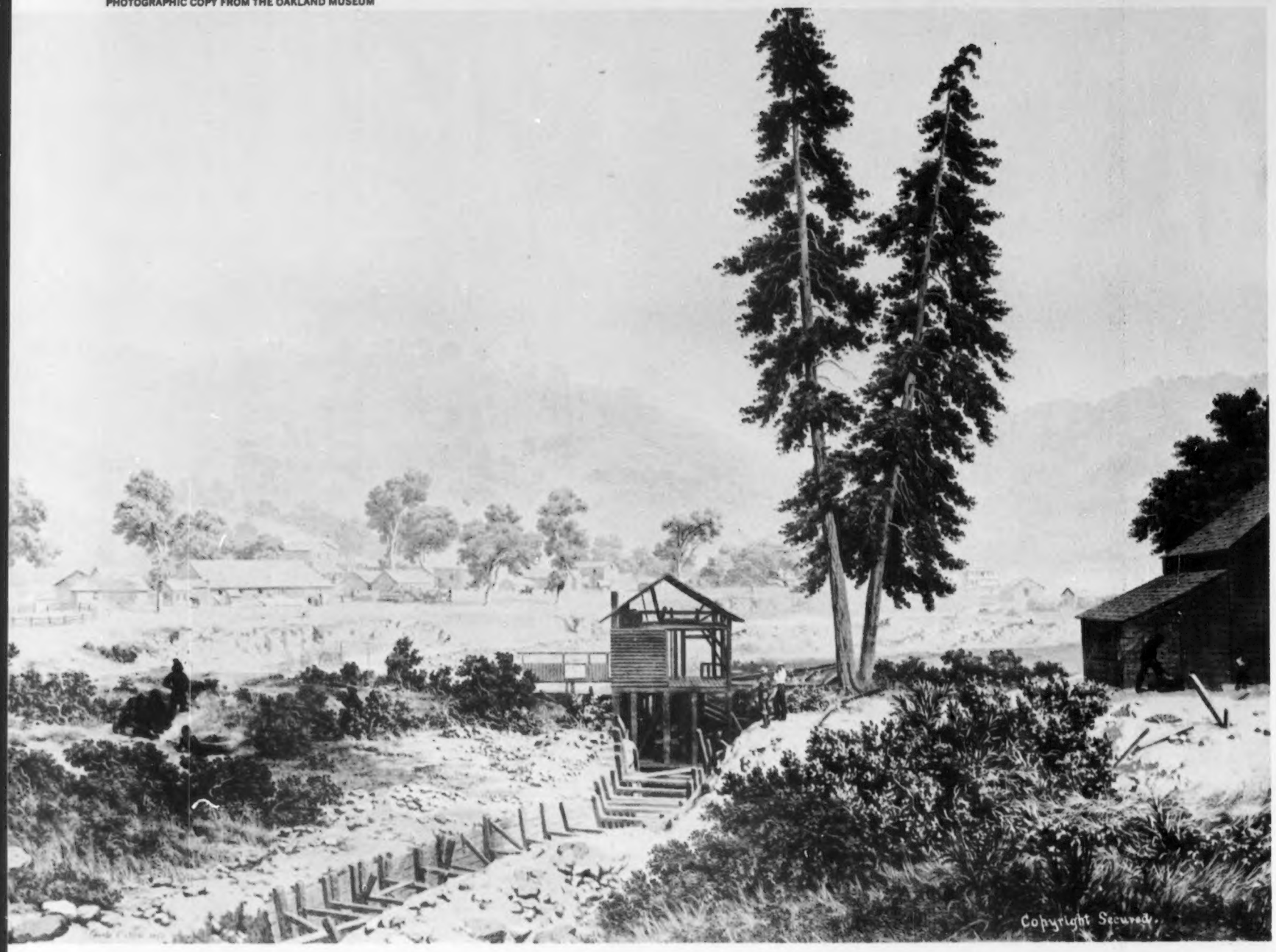
John Sutter's baronial domain in the Sacramento valley centered in his fortified headquarters near the mouth of the American River. After 1841 Sutter's Fort was the destination of most Americans reaching California by the overland route. In the lithograph above, nineteenth-century artist George Lyman has depicted the fort under the American flag in 1847, after John C. Frémont assumed command of the area for the United States. In the right-hand corner is the store of Samuel Brannan, who started the gold rush of 1848 by shouting news of the discovery through the streets of San Francisco.

FEARFUL of debtor's prison, Sutter decided to escape to the Promised Land of opportunity, America. He took French leave, abandoning not only his debts and a warrant for his arrest but also his family. Annette would have to wait sixteen long and hard years before word finally came for her to join him in California.

Sutter started his American odyssey in modest fashion. From New York he made his way to Missouri, where he kept The French Tavern, a saloon near Saint Charles. Tiring of Missouri's cold winter, he decided to drift south on the Santa Fe Trail in 1835. He joined a partnership of German traders, although he was so strapped that he could outfit himself only with trade goods from a Saint Louis pawnshop, and headed west, seeking profit from the Santa Fe market.

But though Sutter was poor in cash and goods, he was as rich as Croesus in imagination. He began to assume the title of Captain, basing it on his pretended French army service. Actually, he had put in only three years of volunteer duty in the canton of Berne's infantry reserve corps, or militia. There he had advanced to the rank of first under-lieutenant of the Second Center Company of the Third Battalion. When combined with his charming manner, his mythical military background won him many friends in both Missouri and New Mexico.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COPY FROM THE OAKLAND MUSEUM



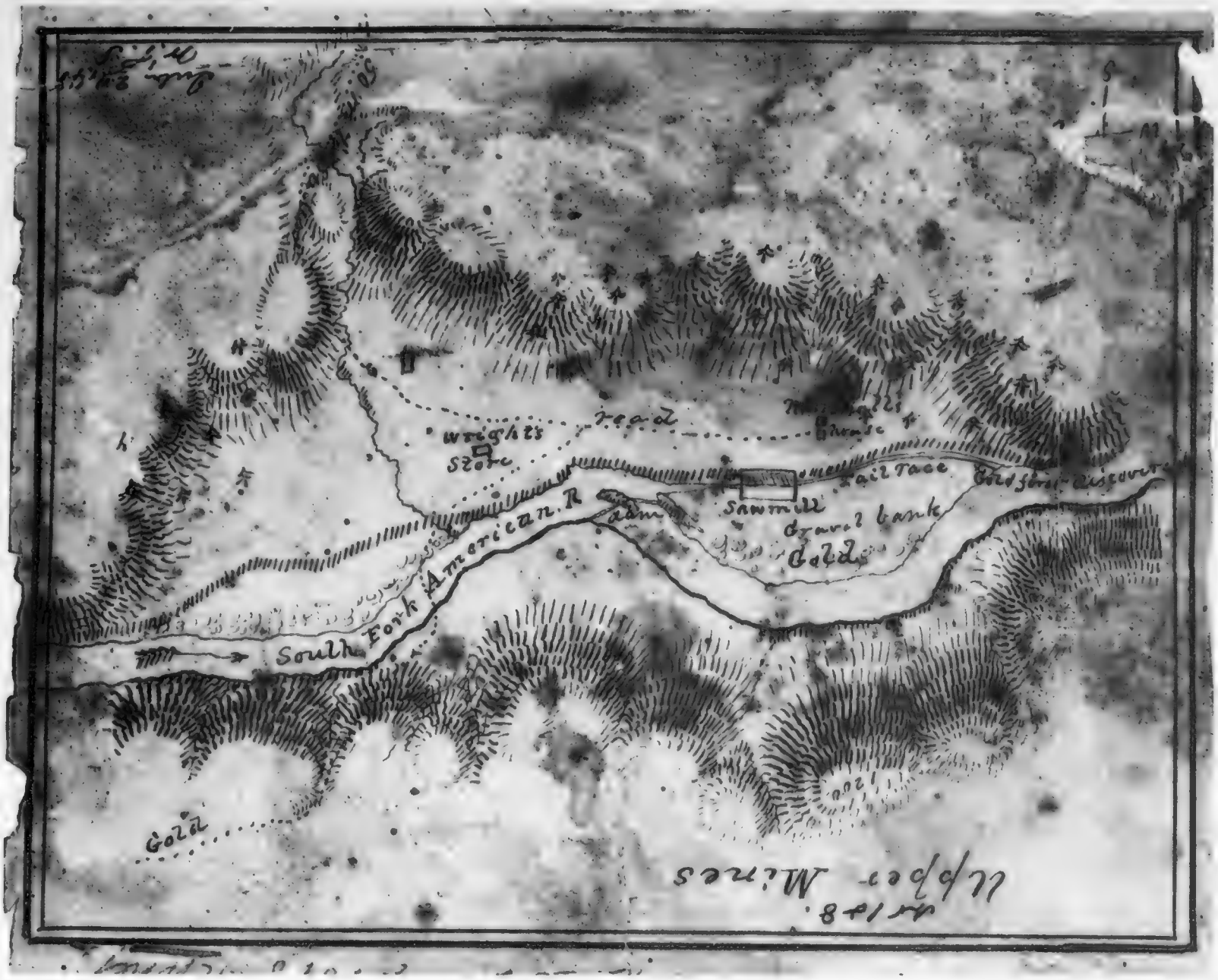
In the beautiful Sierra foothills at Coloma, the tailrace of Sutter's Mill (above) yielded the golden flakes which spurred an overwhelming flood of forty-niners. The frantic search for gold brought ruin to Sutter, as invading goldseekers overran and despoiled his holdings. The painting above, showing Sutter's Mill as it appeared in 1851, was the work of California artist Charles Christian Nahl. The original canvas of this scene, considered to be one of Nahl's finest paintings, was destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906.

Unfortunately, Sutter also made some enemies when he was blamed, properly, for the failure of the second (1836) Santa Fe expedition of his partnership and, wrongly, for the death of a man on the trail. So he moved on, this time to Westport (later the site of Kansas City), the jumping-off point for the Far West. Briefly, Sutter prospered there but then overextended himself and again had to flee his debtors on April Fool's Day in 1838. He found refuge across the Missouri among the Delaware Indians.

Soon, Sutter's run of bad and so-so luck began to change. He met Captain Andrew Drips of the American Fur Company and his friend, the Scots gentleman William Drummond Stewart. Sutter won them both over with his military air and genial manner. The mountain man invited Sutter to tag along on his party's march over a portion of the Oregon Trail to the annual fur-trade rendezvous. That year (1838) it was being held on the Popo Agie River near its confluence with the Wind River in Wyoming. Sutter accepted. It meant only a slight change of plans for him, as he was intending to head westward on what would later become the Gila Trail of the California gold seekers. In 1876 he told H. H. Bancroft, "My first intention had been to go to California via Sonora."

Sutter's move westward was not born entirely of economic desperation. There is a grain of truth in Titus Fey Cronise's explanation, "He longed for some secluded spot

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES, WASHINGTON, D.C.



During the summer of 1848 several thousand Californians flocked across Sutter's lands to the new gold fields on the American River. The real rush to California from the East came the following year, precipitated in part by publication of a U.S. government report prepared by Col. R. B. Mason, military governor of the new American Territory. The map above, showing Sutter's Mill and the gold discovery site, became part of the published report. It was drawn by Lt. William Tecumseh Sherman, who accompanied Mason on a tour of the gold fields in June of 1848.

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in the wilderness where he might build up an ideal world around him." In New Mexico, Sutter had become the friend of a man he called Popián. This was Charles Beaubien, alcalde of Taos. An educated gentleman (an ex-seminarian) in a rough frontier town, the *Taoseño* was delighted to talk with the intelligent European. Beaubien's favorite subject was California, and it soon became Sutter's, as well. Forty years later, glossing over the exact reasons for his departure, Sutter recalled: "This gentleman had been in the southern part of California and gave me much information about this country. He said that it was a beautiful region, with a fine climate and perpetual summer. So I sold out and decided to try my luck in California."

Two seasons on the Santa Fe Trail had provided Sutter with his basic education as a frontiersman. On the Oregon Trail he now secured his graduate degrees. Thanks to his energy and inquiring mind, he soaked up expertise like a sponge. His "schooling" was provided by the fur-trade rendezvous, where he met such legendary mountain men as Joe Walker and Joe Meek, and by the West's scattered forts. He made friends at every post and learned much from them. After Captain Drips, there was Lucien Fontenelle at Fort Laramie, then Frank Ermatinger, the Hudson's Bay Company *bourgeois*, who took Sutter as far as Fort Hall (in present Idaho). Marching with Ermatinger were additional good western contacts for the Swiss—

Success and failure, high hopes and disillusionment—Sutter had experienced these extremes when Swiss artist Frank Buchser painted the portrait at right in Washington, D.C., in 1866. His fortune and influence lost, Sutter had fled California for the East in 1864, spending his last years in fruitless attempts to convince Congress to compensate him for his losses.

Jason Lee and others of the Willamette Valley's Methodist Mission. At Fort Hall, Sutter met Tom McKay, the half-breed stepson of Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor at Fort Vancouver and the Indians' revered White Haired Eagle. At Fort Boise, Francois Payette welcomed Sutter before he continued on with the missionaries to Marcus Whitman's Waiilatpu and thence to nearby Fort Walla Walla, where Pierre Pambrun made him welcome.

From The Dalles and the Willamette settlement, Sutter and a few companions made their way to Fort Vancouver. McLoughlin was away in London on furlough, but the acting factor, James Douglas, made Sutter comfortable after reading a letter of introduction from William Drummond Stewart. The Hudson's Bay post on the Columbia River lay opposite the mouth of the Willamette and at the head of the California Road, or Siskiyou Trail, to Mexico's Alta California. Each year, McLoughlin dispatched a California Outfit or Buenaventura Brigade to the Sacramento Valley under such "booshways" (leaders) as Michel Laframboise and John Work. At Fort Vancouver, Sutter acquired considerable information about the course of the Sacramento River and perhaps decided then to make that river valley his destination.

The Swiss found himself with plenty of time to study the operation of the fort because Douglas warned him against marching south into California during the winter months. Winter in the Siskiyou Mountains, even if Sutter should be lucky enough not to meet hostile Indians, was too dangerous for a green frontiersman. Always adaptable at this stage of his career, Sutter again changed his plans. He decided to take passage to Hawaii and then transfer to a California-bound vessel. Meanwhile, he learned all that he could from McLoughlin's example. His future Nueva Helvetia (New Switzerland) would be patterned on Fort Vancouver, and his own role of patron to whites and Indians alike would be modeled, consciously or not, upon that of the legendary White Haired Eagle, Dr. McLoughlin.

In Hawaii, Sutter changed his plans again. Honolulu lay in economic doldrums; there simply was no shipping. But Sutter made good use of his time—and his growing collection of letters of introduction. He made friends as well as plans. The letters opened all doors to him in polite society, and he enjoyed instant rapport with the *kanakas*, or native Hawaiians, just as he had with the Delawares. One of Sutter's new acquaintances, United States Consul John Coffin Jones, paved the way for him to California by writing to General Mariano Vallejo in Sonoma, describing Sutter as a "Swiss gentleman and first-class man, honored for his talents and reputation."

Finally, the Swiss employed his considerable powers of persuasion to inveigle William French, Hawaii's leading Yankee merchant, into chartering the idle brig *Clementine* for a trading voyage to California via New Archangel, or Sitka, in Russian Alaska. In a sense, Sutter worked his way to California, but not before the mast. He sailed as supercargo, French's (unpaid) commercial representative. In Alaska, Sutter continued his peregrine education. Admiral Kauprianoff, the Russian American Company's governor, was hospitality personified.

THE CLEMENTINE arrived in San Francisco Bay on July 1, 1839. Monterey was the only legal port of entry, but Sutter's letters, from French in Hawaii and the Russians in Sitka, got him forty-eight hours' grace to take on water and provisions and to make repairs. In Monterey he was kindly taken in by one of the most influential of all of California's foreigners, David Spence. Of course, Sutter had letters of introduction to the Scot, who remarked that never before had anyone come with so many letters. Spence escorted Sutter to see Governor Juan B. Alvarado, who was quite dazzled by his visitor.

Traditional Mexican suspicion of foreigners was waived in Sutter's case. Perhaps because he was ostensibly Catholic, unlike such interlopers as the heretics Jedediah Smith and James Ohio Pattie, he found the governor most obliging. As Sutter remembered: "When Alvarado heard of my plan of settling in the interior valley of California, he was very glad that someone had come to start a colony in the

Continued on page 55

PAINTING FROM THE COLLECTION OF KUNSTMUSEUM BASEL, BASEL, SWITZERLAND
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CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF PARKS AND RECREATION, SACRAMENTO

THE PRESENCE OF THE PAST: I

SUTTER'S FORT

by Frank Lortie

In August of 1839, John Sutter sailed his party up the Sacramento River into the interior of California to establish a settlement, his New Helvetia. Sutter showed good judgment in choosing the site, a knoll near the confluence of the American and Sacramento rivers, offering easy access to the American and safety from occasional floods. Sutter committed himself to this site almost immediately, building a one-story adobe house in the fall of that same year. This structure served not only as his residence but as office, storage rooms, and shops. More temporary buildings went up in the winter of 1839–40. The following spring brought a flurry of activity as Sutter engaged scores of Indians to make adobe bricks and cut lumber for his construction projects and to clear land for crops. Sutter kept busy improving his frontier

Once surrounded by fields and virgin growth, Sutter's Fort (above) is now shouldered on all sides by busy streets of California's capital, Sacramento. Today a state historic park, the fort includes the restored main building that served as John Sutter's headquarters (above center) surrounded by a complex of reconstructed walls, outbuildings, and shops furnished to reflect the outpost's golden years of 1844–1848.

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colony, using his credit to buy cattle, horses, tools, supplies, lumber, and seed from ranchos near the coast, and recruiting Europeans and Americans from Yerba Buena and Monterey.

Late in 1840 the first building burned down, but this did not thwart Sutter's plans for expansion. He began construction of a much larger two-story adobe structure and intensified his efforts to create a permanent complex of ranch buildings and fortifications. Sutter was continually frustrated in his ambitious construction program by a chronic shortage of good tools, equipment, building materials, and trained labor to use them. This was true even after he purchased all the materiel at Fort Ross in 1841.

Nevertheless, by the end of 1843 the lord of New Helvetia had completed most of his fort. Contemporary accounts describe it as quite an impressive structure. It was laid out in a rectangle with an offset in its northwest section, measuring over 200 feet in width and almost 400 feet in length. The exterior adobe walls were between 14 and 18 feet high and about 3 feet thick. Imposing bastions, armed with cannon, dominated the northwest and southeast corners. Inside these fortified walls, the central two-story adobe provided offices, a parlor, temporary sleeping facilities, and supply rooms. Along all four sides of the protected rectangle were built shops, storage rooms, quarters for Sutter and for his workers,

A tour of reconstructed Sutter's Fort transports the visitor to an earlier time when life on the frontier demanded self-sufficiency. Each week during most of the academic year, Sacramento-area schools use the old fort for living-history workshops. Dressed like their predecessors of more than a century ago, youngsters learn the craft of candle making in the fort's candle room (below).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED HOLM

corrals, and more offices. The principal buildings had heavy shake roofing over oak and redwood rafters. Wood was used for doors and shutters and to frame the windows and doors. Outside the fortress were more corrals, storehouses, and workers' dwellings.

Eight years after he established his little empire, Sutter was managing a fortified factory and trading post that served as hub of an extensive agricultural enterprise. Inside the fort he ran shops for carpentry, barrel making, hat making, weaving, blacksmithing, distilling crude brandy, shoemaking, baking, saddle making, gunsmithing, and candle making, as well as a grist mill and large kitchen. Outside the walls Sutter had a tannery on the banks of the American River, acres of wheat and other grains, and a large vegetable garden. Sutter reported that he accumulated 12,000 head of cattle; 2,000 horses and mules; 10,000 to 15,000 sheep; and 1,000 hogs. Hunters brought in beaver and otter pelts from the mountains and deer, elk, and antelope skins from the valley.

Though the fort was a trading post, factory, way station, and administrative center, on two occasions it functioned briefly as a military compound. But it was never under siege. In 1844 Sutter was appointed captain of the militia by Mexican governor Manuel Micheltorena and ordered to train "volunteers." For a time his employees at the fort were required to endure daily military drills. During the Bear Flag revolt (June, 1846) the fort was seized by Americans, and in the American conquest it was put under United States Army control between July, 1846, and March, 1847. Sutter's motives for constructing such a fortress were complex, but no doubt he sought protection from hostile Indians, foreign intruders, and probably from powerful Mexican Californians who were suspi-

Continued on page 60

A VISITORS GUIDE TO SUTTER'S FORT STATE HISTORIC PARK

AN OUTPOST of civilization in the remote Sacramento valley almost a century and a half ago, Sutter's Fort today endures as a remnant of pioneer California in the midst of metropolitan Sacramento. Although John Sutter's domain has diminished from nearly fifty thousand acres to less than two city blocks, visitors encounter a vivid picture of mid-nineteenth-century frontier life once they enter the fort's high protective walls.

Above the gate—still guarded by a small cannon—the flag of Mexico whips jauntily in the breeze. Around the perimeter of the expansive courtyard, a fully equipped smithy, distillery, and carpenter, coopering, saddle, and candle-making shops testify to the fort's early isolation and consequent need for self-sufficiency. Inside the central building—the fort's only surviving original structure—one can view John Sutter's offices, living quarters, and storage rooms, as well as sleeping spaces where forty-niners sprawled on the floor "packed in like sardines." A small but attractive museum displays photographs, clothing, guns, farming implements, and other artifacts of Sutter's time. A few articles are of special interest because they were used by Sutter himself: reading glasses, a boot, mirror, and waffle iron.

Visitors of all ages will enjoy the various exhibits available daily, but on most Thursdays the fort is especially lively as groups of grammar school students participate enthusiastically in an environmental living program sponsored by area schools and the California Department of Parks and Recreation. At the gate, ten-year-olds shouldering mock rifles pace back and forth on guard. Youngsters dressed in period costumes dip candles in the candle-making room, weave at looms in the courtyard, hoe a garden plot which produces vegetables common over a century ago, and care for barnyard animals. Other students prepare meals over open fires in the fort's smoke-filled kitchen and bake huge loaves of bread in outdoor beehive ovens. Large balls of fresh butter testify to hours spent at the churn.

Activity at Sutter's Fort also accelerates during an annual History Week (August 3 through 9 this year), when special demonstrations and programs are held to commemorate John Sutter's arrival in August of 1839.

Sutter's Fort State Historic Park is located at 2701 L Street, between 26th and 28th streets in Sacramento. Only streetside parking (most of it metered) is available. Visitors arriving directly from out of town will find the fort one block west of Interstate Highway 80, about one-half mile north of the junction of routes 5, 50, and 80. Take the first (N Street) exit north of the junction. For those already visiting downtown Sacramento, Sutter's Fort is located sixteen blocks east of the state capitol. The easiest access to the park from the central district is to drive north two blocks from the Capitol Mall, then turn right onto J Street and proceed about one mile to 27th Street. The fort is just one block south of this intersection.

Sutter's Fort is open from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily (being closed only for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's). Admission is 50¢ each for adults; 25¢ each for senior citizens and youths seventeen years of age and under. (Be sure to keep your receipt for entrance to other state park attractions.) All visitors are provided with electronic wands for use in following a self-guided tour of the fort. At more than thirty points of special interest, recorded dramatizations of life in Old Sutter's Fort are beamed by radio to the wands. You should allow a minimum of between forty-five minutes and an hour for your visit.

School groups may visit Sutter's Fort at a discounted fee if advance reservations are made. Telephone (916) 445-4209 or write to Manager, Sacramento Area State Parks, 2572 Port Street, West Sacramento, CA 95691.

Sacramento contains one of the most extensive concentrations of historic sites in California, and by combining a tour of Sutter's Fort with other points of interest, the visitor can easily devote a full day or more to exploring this area's fascinating heritage. Directly behind Sutter's Fort (and fronting K Street) is the State Indian Museum, offering exhibits on the history and culture of California's Indian tribes. Admission is free.

An attraction of particular interest is Old Sacramento, the six-block, nine-acre state historic park located near the Sacramento River just west of the Capitol Mall. The most ambitious historic restoration in the West, this multi-million-dollar re-creation of nineteenth-century Sacramento includes over sixty historic buildings housing dozens of fascinating shops, restaurants, and museums. You'll especially enjoy touring the restored century-old Central Pacific Station, one-time western terminus of the transcontinental railroad. Your validated receipt from Sutter's Fort will provide free admission to the station and its extensive collection of vintage locomotives and rolling stock.

Other points of historical interest in Sacramento include the old Governor's Mansion at 16th and H streets, the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery at 216 O Street (the oldest museum west of the Mississippi River), and the State Capitol itself—currently in the final stages of a five-year, $67 million restoration project. **AW**

JAMES MARSHALL

by Brian McGinty

WHAT IS THE ROLE OF FATE in the determination of human affairs? Was the battle of Waterloo decided by fate, or by the genius of generals and the courage and valor of foot soldiers? Was Sarajevo the work of mindless fate, or of a determined patriot bent on throwing off an imperial yoke? Was James Wilson Marshall's epochal discovery of gold in California in 1848—and his ironic failure to share in the fabulous wealth of the rush that followed—foreordained, or were these events the natural consequence of the discoverer's own life and of the peculiar strengths and weaknesses of his character?

"The best of men," wrote Defoe, "cannot suspend their fate." Defoe was a novelist and a better student, perhaps, of human nature than some whose business it is to chronicle and explain momentous battles, births, and deaths. There are, to be sure, some historians who deny that fate plays any part in the interpretation of historical events—who insist that logical analysis is sufficient to explain every battle, every victory, every defeat. Marshall, himself, would never have ascribed the rude reversal of his fortunes to fate. He believed that his great discovery was attributable to his own intuitive power, to a kind of sixth sense that told him where and when and how to look for treasure. He saw his failure to profit from the discovery as due to the perfidy of other men—to claim-jumpers, land-grabbers, thieves, liars, and worst of all, ingrates. Marshall's own explanations—and the skepticism of some historians—to the contrary notwithstanding, it is nearly impossible to understand the ironic sequence of events that, in January of 1848, made the humble carpenter of Coloma the principal actor in one of the great dramas of history and, half a dozen years later, relegated him to the dustbin of historical also-rans, without seeing in it the meddlesome hand of fate.

Long before he discovered gold, Marshall had established a record as a resourceful, though not spectacular, western pioneer. Born on a farm in New Jersey in 1810, the son of a carpenter-wheelwright, he learned his father's trades while still a boy, and in his mid-twenties, set out on a wandering trek into the West. Marshall stopped for a while in Indiana and Illinois, lingered long enough in Missouri to farm a plot of land, and in 1844 joined a party of emigrants on the long Oregon Trail. From the valley of the Willamette he moved south into the valley of the Sacramento, where his skills as carpenter, wheelwright, and coachmaker soon attracted the attention of John Sutter. Marshall took part in the Bear Flag Revolt of 1846 and after the outbreak of the Mexican War, spent eight months with the California Battalion in southern California. The spring of 1847 found him back at New Helvetia, making furniture, plow handles, and wheels for Sutter. It was in August of the same year that the lord of the Sacramento and his resourceful carpenter contracted for the erection of a sawmill at Coloma, in the wooded mountains east of Sacramento. The mill was near completion when, on the morning of January 24, 1848, Marshall peered into the bottom of the millrace and, through six inches of icy water, saw tiny yellow specks gleaming on the rock below.

Had he never found another trace of precious metal, James Marshall's initial strike might have made him a wealthy man. By treaty with the local Indians, he and Sutter claimed a princely tract of more than ten square miles of land around the mill. Within the year, there was a thriving town at Coloma. Lumber was nearly as precious as gold in those first years of gold fever. Sutter sold his interest in the mill in December of 1848, but Marshall held on until sometime in 1850. By then, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of rough-sawn planks had passed through the hungry blades of the Coloma mill. Marshall, however, kept precious little of the profits. He was, by turns, an inept and indifferent businessman. He sold on credit and often could not collect the money due him. While his partners ran the mill, he spent long months in the mountains looking for the "big lumps." Burdened with debt, vexed by lawsuits, Marshall petitioned Congress for clear title to the land he claimed at Coloma. But the solons, mindful of conflicting claims, turned a deaf ear.

Dogged by misfortune, Marshall retreated into an ever-

CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, SAN FRANCISCO/LOS ANGELES

darkening world of brooding and eccentricity. He drank heavily, attended séances, and read books on spiritualism. Convinced that he was guided by "invisible beings," he tramped through the mountains in a vain quest for the "big strike." Sutter grubstaked him at first, but after the lord of the Sacramento himself fell on hard times, Marshall had to finance his trips by doing odd jobs, selling his personal belongings, and eventually collecting a small pension from the state. The pension might have become permanent had Marshall not wandered into the Assembly chamber in Sacramento during a crucial debate and dropped a bottle of brandy on the floor. The bottle shattered, the chamber filled with boozy fumes, and the pension came to an end.

A lifelong bachelor, Marshall lived out his last years on a hillside vineyard above Coloma and in a converted hotel in nearby Kelsey—making furniture, wagons, and tools, befriending children, treating his arthritis with liberal applications of creosote and occasional jolts from a galvanic battery. He was an honest man and a good neighbor, though he drank prodigiously, and never stopped dreaming of another "great discovery." In a particularly dark moment, he calculated the profits that had flowed from his 1848 discovery and noted who had reaped them, as follows:

Yankeedom	$600,000,000
Myself Individually	$000,000,000.

Marshall's calculations were not too far wrong, for after his death in 1885, his own estate yielded the paltry sum of $218.82.

Fate can be cruel or kind, parsimonious or generous, arbitrary or impartial. For James Marshall it was all of these and more. It was definite, final, and in the end, wholly irresistible. Marshall died an impoverished old man, but one of the most celebrated the world had ever known. Fate had denied him wealth but not glory. How many other men has it treated as kindly? **AW**

Brian McGinty *is a San Francisco attorney and writer.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ED HOLM

SUTTER'S SAWMILL

by Frank Lortie

SOON AFTER JOHN SUTTER arrived in California's great central valley, he concluded that it was impossible to build his empire with only adobe and stone, that he had to have a source of good lumber. Between 1840 and 1848 Sutter was tireless in his search for accessible stands of quality timber. He sent his employees to cut lumber near Bodega and in the Santa Cruz mountains and Oakland hills. Each year he dispatched several exploring parties into the Sierra Nevada to search for good timber and likely sites for sawmills—all with little success.

In the summer of 1847 Sutter concluded an agreement with James W. Marshall which promised to supply the fort with an adequate supply of lumber. A carpenter by trade, Marshall had arrived in California two years earlier. He worked for Sutter for a while, joined Frémont's troops in 1846, and finally returned to Sutter's Fort in early 1847. About that time Marshall convinced the amiable Swiss that he was a millwright of some experience. After Marshall located a good mill site on the South Fork of the American River, in the foothills of the Sierra about fifty miles east of the fort, he persuaded Sutter to form a partnership with him in a sawmill business.

The location Marshall had selected was in a beautiful little valley near a Maidu Indian village named Cullumah, later Americanized as "Coloma." Fortunately the inhabitants were reasonably friendly. Marshall and his crew of Indians and Americans from Sutter's Fort (including five former soldiers from the Mormon Battalion) set to work building shelters and putting up a dam for the millrace.

WELLS FARGO BANK HISTORY ROOM, SAN FRANCISCO

Today's forty-niner buff can see exactly what Sutter's Mill looked like during the hectic months of the California gold rush. To commemorate the historic spot where the first traces of gold were found, a full-sized working replica of the mill (opposite page) was constructed in 1966 at Marshall Gold Discovery Historic State Park.

Within two years after Marshall's discovery of gold, the area around Sutter's Mill was transformed into the bustling, hell-bent, mining town of Coloma, with a population of 10,000. The miners in the daguerreotype above were at work on American River diggings near Coloma in 1851.

Sutter sent up the saw blade and mill irons from the fort, and by the close of the year, the crew had built three log cabins, the framework for the sawmill, and most of the millrace.

To save time and labor, Marshall decided to deepen the tailrace by leaving the headgate open each night, allowing the flow of water to wash out the mud, sand, and gravel. He routinely examined the tailrace every morning, after shutting the headgate, to check on the progress of the natural excavation. On the morning of January 24, 1848, Marshall saw a few small flakes of bright yellow metal lying on the bottom of the race. Suspecting that these might be gold, he announced his discovery to the other members of the crew. They were skeptical, but Marshall persisted and put the flakes through several crude tests. These were enough to convince him that he had indeed found gold. For the next two days he collected more specimens, and on January 28 he arrived at Sutter's Fort to show his partner what he had found.

Marshall and Sutter tried but failed to obtain official confirmation of their land claims in the Coloma area from the new United States military governor. But they managed to get the sawmill finished. In March of 1848 it started operating, but after a few weeks it closed down for improvements to the millrace and waterwheel. Sutter's sawmill produced lumber for only another month before Coloma was overwhelmed by men seeking gold. Late in May the mill closed down again as Marshall could not keep a work force; no one wanted to work for wages with the hope of easy riches at hand. As the sawmill sat idle, the frontier settlement at Coloma (then commonly called "Sutter's Mill") became a fast-growing mining camp. The new inhabitants did not intend to stay long; so they had little need for building materials. By that fall, Sutter got out of the sawmill business, but Marshall and his new partners started the mill up in December and probably ran it in-

COLLECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF CALIFORNIA PIONEERS, SAN FRANCISCO

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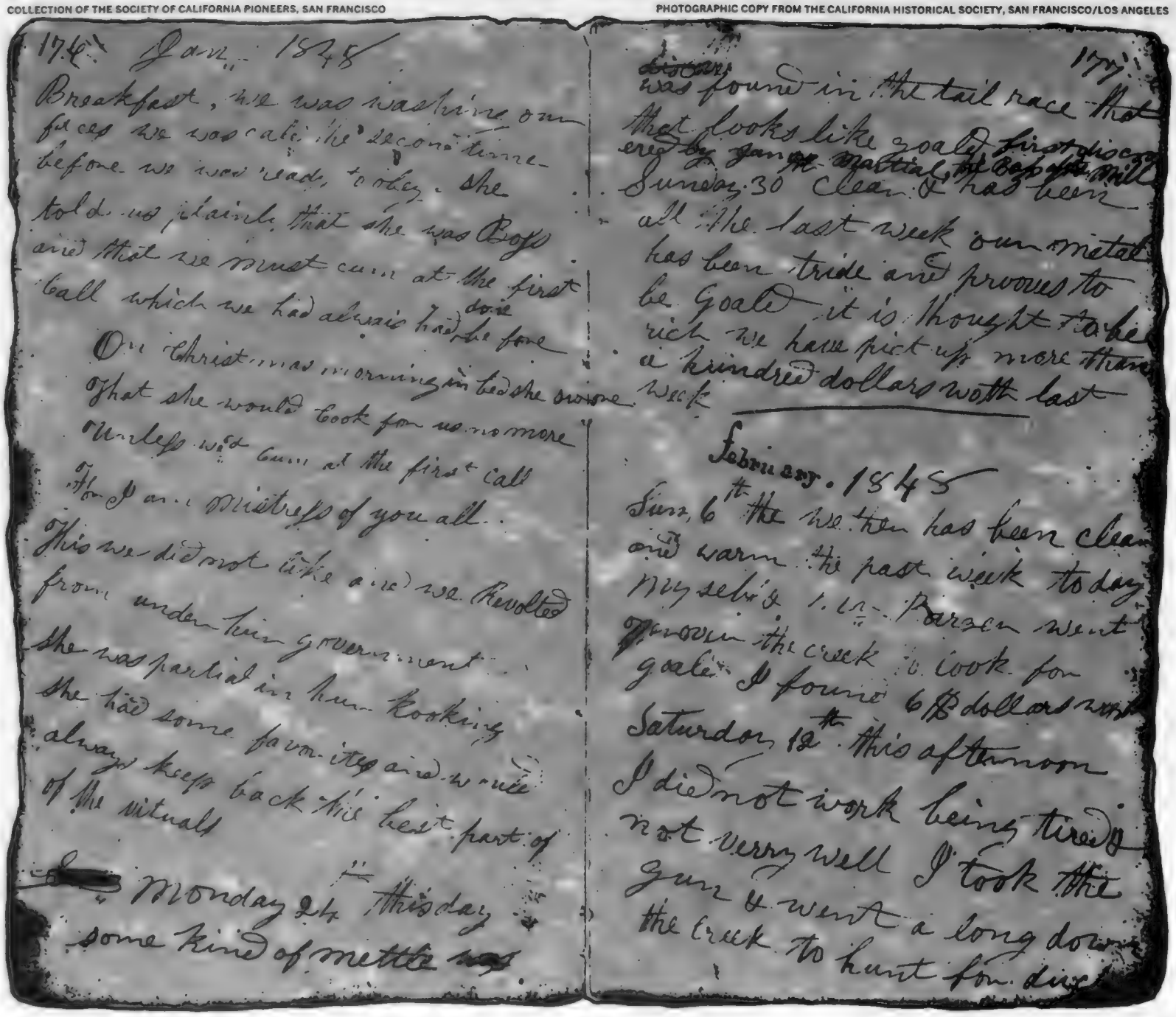

17th Jan. 1848
Breakfast, we was washing our faces we was calld the 2nd time before we was ready to obey. She told us plainly that she was Boss and that we must cum at the first call which we had always had to do before
One Christmas morning in bed she swore that she would cook for us no more unless we'd cum at the first call
For I am Mistress of you all.
This we did not like and we Revolted from under this government.
She was partial in her cooking she had some favorites and we must always keep back the best part of the victuals
Monday 24th this day some kind of mettle was

177
was found in the tail race that looks like goald first discovered by James Marshall at Sutter's Mill
Sunday 30 Clear it has been all the last week our metal has been tride and proves to be Goald it is thought to be rich we have pick up more than a hundred dollars worth last week

February. 1848
Sun, 6th the weather has been clear and warm the past week to day myself & Mr. Parson went down in the creek to look for goald I found 6 ℔ dollars worth
Saturday 12th this afternoon I did not work being tired not very well I took the gun & went a long down the creek to hunt for deer

A simple entry in the diary of Henry Bigler (above) recorded the discovery which led to California's gold rush. A veteran of the Mormon Battalion, Bigler was one of the carpenters building Sutter's Mill when James Marshall found bits of gold in the tailrace on January 24, 1848. The diarist's remarks on most of the left-hand page refer to a feud between workers and the dictatorial camp cook.

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termittently until the following spring.

After more repairs and improvements the sawmill started cutting lumber at a quickened pace by June. Coloma was expanding rapidly then, and as a result, the demand for building material was great. For the next twelve months the mill ran continuously, producing lumber for building and mining operations at prices that ranged between $300 to $500 per 1,000 board feet. After mid-1850, however, the sawmill's fortunes waned. Since the owners had no timber rights to the surrounding forest, they could not keep others from cutting down as many trees as they wanted. Around the fall of 1850 it became apparent that there was a shortage of good logs in the area. Also, general operating costs had become high in the inflated economy of that era, and Marshall's partners managed the sawmill poorly while Marshall was away from Coloma most of 1849 and 1850. Credit and legal entanglements swamped the firm to the point that it was sometimes unclear who actually owned what and how much. In late summer or early autumn of 1850 a local merchant and investor, John T. Little, bought out all the partners except Marshall. Little ran the sawmill for another month or so, then shut it down—for good.

By that time the ground on which the sawmill was located was more valuable than the mill itself. Late in 1850 Little leased the property to a group of miners. To expose more of the bar for mining, they tore down the milldam early the following year. Within the next three years the millrace filled up with gravel and sand. The mill irons and saw blades were sold, and itinerant miners used the structure as a residence. In May, 1854, a Coloma newspaper editor complained that souvenir hunters and local residents were gradually tearing down the "old" sawmill. He pleaded for its preservation

Continued on page 61

A VISITORS GUIDE TO MARSHALL GOLD DISCOVERY STATE HISTORIC PARK

ON THE SUMMIT of a wooded hill rising from beautiful Coloma Valley in the Sierra foothills, a nine-foot-tall bronze figure points dramatically to a spot on the American River a half-mile below. The figure represents James Marshall, and the spot on the riverbank is the place where Marshall first saw those few flakes of gold on a January morning in 1848. The rush that followed brought thousands of miners to this region of the Mother Lode country.

Today's visitor to Coloma (Sutter's Mill) finds a peaceful hamlet of about two hundred souls in contrast to the wild and populous mining town of gold-rush days. Nestled on the South Fork of the American River, this Sierra village is included for the most part in the Marshall Gold Discovery State Historic Park. Reminders of the rich heydey of over a hundred and thirty years ago are everywhere at hand.

A good starting point for the visitor here is the Gold Discovery Museum, located one block off Main Street near the northwest park entrance. Informative exhibits illustrate the history of Sutter's Mill and Coloma; numerous artifacts on display include original timbers from the mill. During weekends, interpretive movies on the gold discovery are shown.

Of prime interest outdoors is the full-sized, hand-adzed replica of Sutter's sawmill, situated between Coloma's Main Street and the river (about 600 feet from the original site) in order to prevent damage from seasonal floods. Unlike the original mill, this replica is powered by a concealed electric motor rather than by river current. Daily during the summer months and every weekend during the rest of the year, park rangers demonstrate the operation of the mill for visitors.

A short walk from the replica brings the visitor to the original mill site on the American River, marked by a simple cobblestone monument. A few yards further downstream, the trail leads to the quiet backwaters of a slough-like channel once occupied by the mill tailrace —not a very imposing scene today, but nevertheless one of the most historic spots in California. Many people would like to pan for gold at this spot where Marshall made his momentous discovery, but the Area Manager of the park, Joe J. Reed, warns that it is illegal to pan for gold in a state park. One must go out of the park to private campgrounds.

The Chinese section of old Coloma is recalled by several stone buildings housing nationally acknowledged exhibits. Out-of-doors stand examples of machines used to crush ore—a Chilean stone *arrastre* and a huge "California Stamp." A giant hose and nozzle bear witness to the possibility of excesses in hydraulic mining. Adding to the atmosphere of yesteryear are other gold-rush buildings: a miner's cabin, an armory, gunsmith and blacksmith shops, and the stone ruins of the Coloma jail.

To see some additional places of interest in the park, most visitors will probably want to use their cars. About a quarter of a mile from Main Street, up a gentle incline, one finds two small churches constructed during the 1850s and recently restored. Services are no longer regularly scheduled, but weddings are sometimes held in the old chapels.

A short additional drive up a winding road brings the visitor to a viewpoint overlooking Coloma. Here, on the hilltop site of James Marshall's grave, stands the heroic bronze statue of Marshall atop a tall granite pedestal. The State Park Department has committed itself to topping the trees below so that a clear sighting may always be had from the statue to the mill site. From the monument a narrow one-way road leads back to park headquarters. Halfway down the hill, the visitor can view the simple two-room cabin in which Marshall lived during the 1850s and early 1860s. (For those who wish to visit the Marshall Monument on foot, a one-mile trail, which includes a stiff hillside climb, leads from park headquarters.)

Coloma is about fifty miles northeast of Sacramento. Two routes from Sacramento are available, each taking a little over an hour to drive. For one, proceed northeast on U.S. Interstate 80 to Auburn, then south about nineteen miles to Coloma via California Route 49. (Route 49 is a scenic two-lane road which winds around the foothills, cutting down on speed.) An alternate choice is to drive east from Sacramento on Highway 50 to Placerville, then north eight miles on Route 49 to Coloma. For a leisurely one-day excursion into gold-rush history, we suggest visiting Sutter's Fort in Sacramento, then making a loop around both routes 50 and 80 with stops at Sutter's Mill and the historic towns of Placerville and Auburn.

Admission to Marshall Gold Discovery Historic State Park Museum is 50¢ each for adults; 25¢ for seniors and for ages 6 through 17. Hours are 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily, closed on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day. The park offers no overnight camping facilities but has three spacious picnic areas—two located near the Sutter's Mill replica and a third on the hillside adjacent to the Marshall Monument. There is a picnicking charge of $2.00 per car.

Several private campgrounds in the vicinity of Coloma offer overnight motel, motor home, and camping accommodations as well as facilities for fishing, swimming, rafting, and panning for gold. **AW**

GRAND FORKS, YUKON TERRITORY

IN AUGUST of 1896 gold was discovered in the Klondike region of Canada's Yukon Territory. When the outside world learned of the discovery eleven months later, a human stampede of goldseekers began to invade the area. From 1897 until just before the turn of the century, people from virtually every corner of the world and from every conceivable background headed toward the Klondike.

During the rush the burgeoning Klondike town of Dawson was the focal point: the gathering place for enterprising businessmen, for new miners unsure of their destination, and for dance hall girls and prostitutes eager to help them decide. Located on the Yukon River about five hundred miles downstream from Chilkoot Pass—major entry point to the Yukon Territory—Dawson was home to as many as 25,000 and was the largest town west of Winni-

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This article has been adapted from Norm Bolotin's Klondike Lost: A Decade of Photographs by Kinsey & Kinsey, *just published by the Alaska Northwest Publishing Company of Anchorage, Alaska.*
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All photographs are from the collection of Ronald Kinsey.

PORTRAIT OF A CANADIAN GOLD-RUSH TOWN AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARKE AND CLARENCE KINSEY

by Norm Bolotin

peg, Manitoba, and north of Victoria, British Columbia.

There was only one other significant Klondike gold-rush town, the community of Grand Forks or Bonanza, about fourteen miles south of Dawson at the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, where the discovery of gold was first made in 1896. Grand Forks was the quieter community where miners lived to be near their claims and where others lived to serve them. At the height of its boom, Grand Forks enjoyed a population numbering in the thousands.

Text continues on page 62; pictures continue overleaf.

Discovery of gold in the Klondike in 1896 brought a rush of humanity seeking quick riches. At the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, site of the original discovery, the town of Grand Forks sprang up, providing goldseekers with shelter, supplies, and entertainment. The photograph above shows Grand Forks at its most metropolitan, when it boasted a population of nearly ten thousand. When mines played out after the turn of the century, Grand Forks declined and finally crumbled into oblivion. During the town's short life, its history was recorded by photographers Clarke and Clarence Kinsey.

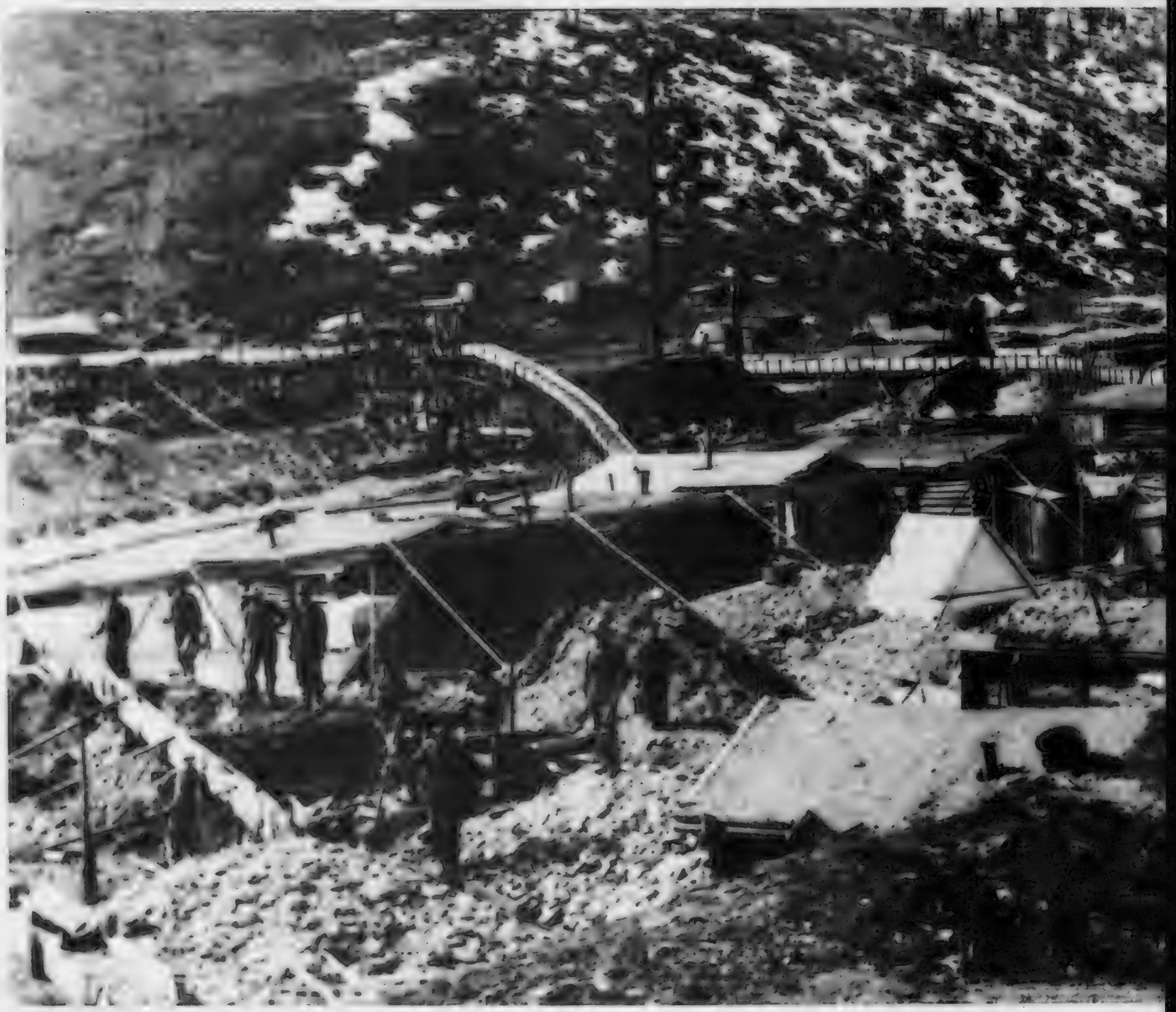
BONANZA TOWN IN THE WILDERNESS

Like many other entrepreneurs in Grand Forks, the Kinsey brothers started their business in a tent. In 1902 they completed the building below to house their photographic studio and an apartment upstairs, with a general grocery store on the street level. The building's huge skylight—unique in Grand Forks—provided sunlight for studio work. Clarence Kinsey is standing at the top of the stairs, near the entrance to the studio and the apartment where he and his wife and small daughter lived for several years.

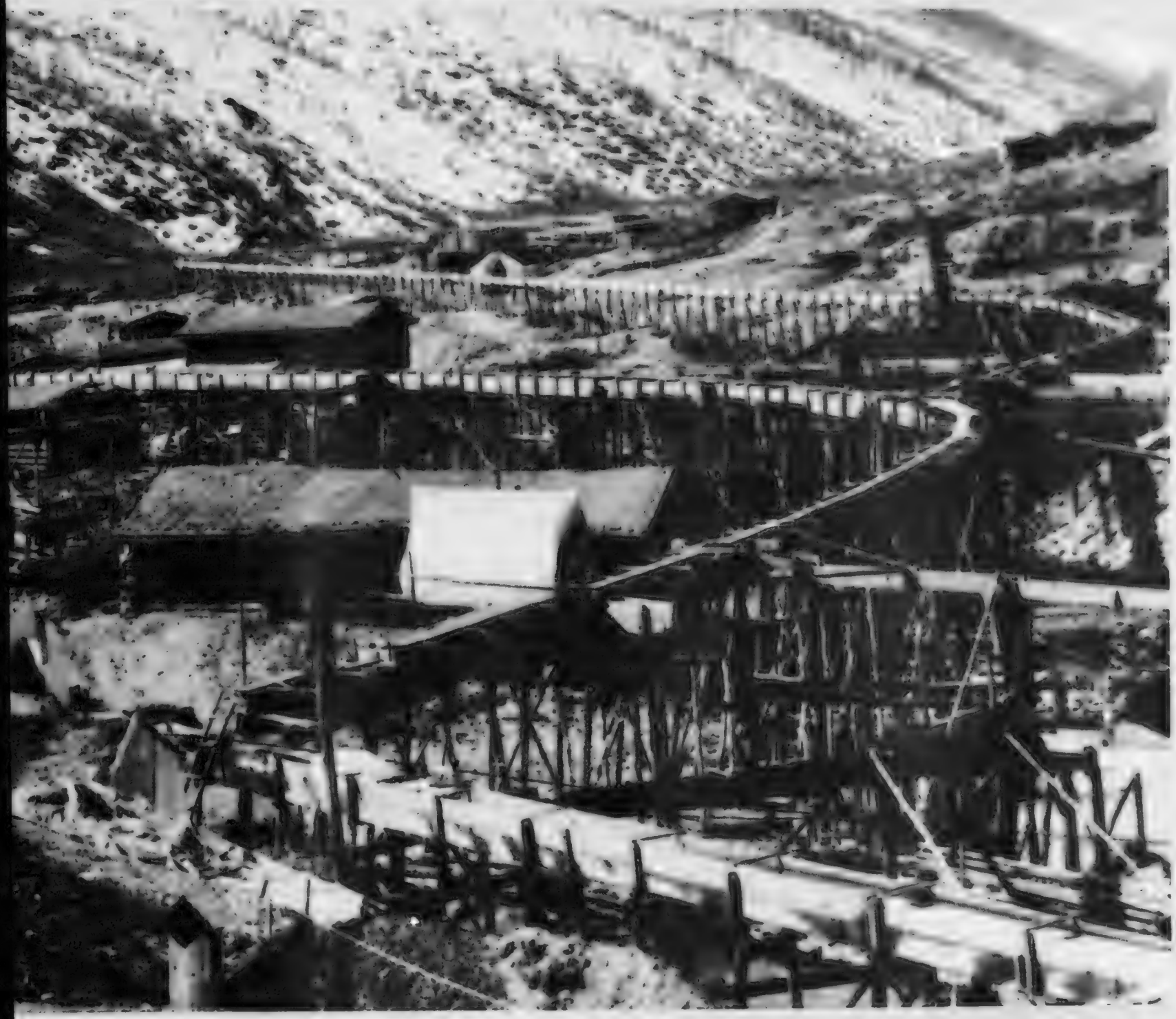
The rapid growth of Grand Forks was directed by a rough plan drawn up by the territorial government, providing for a downtown area of ten blocks of up to two dozen lots each. Along the busy main street (below), merchants competed for narrow frontages on the board sidewalk. The business district of Grand Forks included several hotels, saloons, and dance halls, a druggist, laundry, public bath, butcher shop, icehouse, livery stable, freight line, three barber shops, and bakeries, restaurants, and general stores. The Bonanza detachment of the North West Mounted Police (at left) represented stability for Grand Forks. Having few serious crimes to deal with, the Mounties performed a variety of other civic duties and served as heroes to the area's children.

"THE RICHEST GROUND IN HISTORY"

In the early days of the Klondike, miners built bonfires to thaw the frozen ground so they could work it. By 1899, however, most miners were using steam points (thin pipes used to "point" steam from a boiler into the permafrost). To reach gold-bearing soil the crews often had to burrow below creek level, creating cavernous pits (left) that sometimes extended for several hundred feet. The diggings were hoisted up, then shoveled into sluices to separate the gold from the dirt and rock.



The panorama below pictures Tom Lippy's claim, where he and his crew mined over one million dollars' worth of gold. Number 16 Eldorado was dotted with stacks from power plants and shafts, and crisscrossed with sluiceways. About forty men worked here in the fall and winter, but that figure swelled to two hundred in the spring and summer—the largest crew on any single claim in the Klondike. Spring cleanup (left) was the culmination of months of hard work. The gold-bearing diggings accumulated during the winter were run through the sluices. Riffles caught the gold as it washed toward the end of the box. The slats grew progressively smaller to catch the finer bits of gold, and a piece of rug or canvas stopped the finest particles. On the Lippy claim, spring cleanup yielded about $6,000 per day.



KLONDIKE PLEASURES

Entertainment in Grand Forks varied from rousing public celebrations to quiet get-togethers. National holidays were always special occasions, and Klondikers made the most of them by combining celebrations for Canada's Dominion Day (July 1) with the United States Fourth of July (right). There were parades, boxing matches, weight-lifting contests, tugs-of-war, and bicycle and horse races for the entire population to view or take part in.

Music helped the smiling group above while away pleasant hours after work on their claim outside of Grand Forks. Like youngsters everywhere, the three appealing tots below played with whatever was at hand—in this case, a steam thawer used to tame Klondike ground for pick and shovel.

GRAND HOTEL
DAWS

As the amount of easily retrievable gold in the Klondike dwindled, mines could no longer operate profitably with pick-and-shovel technique. Monstrous, mechanical dredges (above) were introduced to scour the creeks and valleys, increasing the yield but making a drastic change in the life of the region.

Hydraulic mining (below) was common during the later years of the gold era, with large steel pipes and nozzles doing the work that men had done before with plows, picks, and shovels. The pressure of the water could rip off not only the top layer of moss and soil, but loose rock and gravel as well.

GRAND FORKS FADES AWAY

Decreasing production of gold in the Klondike after the turn of the century brought about a rapid downturn in the fortunes of Grand Forks. A going-out-of-business sale at Johnston & Safford's general merchandise store on First Street—seen in the photograph below dating from about 1906—reflects the exodus that occurred among merchants as well as miners. Soon after this picture was taken, Clarke Kinsey closed the family's photographic studio and with his wife and children returned to Seattle. His brother Clarence (standing at left in the picture, wearing a striped sweater and vest) remained in the Klondike for most of the next thirteen years, working a succession of mining claims. When he, too, departed for the States, the town of Grand Forks had virtually disappeared. Its memory has been assured, however, through the continued survival of several hundred original Kinsey negatives discovered in a relative's closet four years ago.

A SLUMBERING PRINCESS

WASHINGTON'S MOUNT ST. HELENS

THE INDIANS of the Pacific Northwest called her *Louwala*—smoking mountain. Washington's snow-capped Mount St. Helens played many roles in Indian mythology. To the first residents of the Northwest, the 9,677-foot volcanic peak was always a woman—in one legend the beautiful princess for whom Mount Hood (Wyeast) and Mount Adams (Pahto) fought a great battle. In another myth she was an irate wife storming at her husband, Mount Hood, who was afraid and became quiet while St. Helens had "a strong heart and still burns." Yet another Indian tale links the mountain with the Bridge of the Gods, the massive stone bridge traditionally believed to have once linked the Oregon and Washington shores of the Columbia River. It was during an eruption of St. Helens, says one version of this durable legend, that the bridge collapsed to form the Cascades of the Columbia.

Early maritime explorers of the Northwest apparently failed to note any volcanic activity on Mount St. Helens, although the peak is clearly visible from the mouth of the Columbia River during fair weather. (The mountain was named by Captain George Vancouver in 1792 "in honor of His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Madrid," who was Alleyne Fitzherbert, Baron St. Helens.) Similarly, the journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition are silent regarding eruptions on St. Helens.

But by the 1830s, Indian traditions of the smoking mountain were substantiated by reports from white settlers and visitors in the region. The earliest-known recorded observation of St. Helens as an active volcano appears in a letter written in 1835 by Meredith Gairdner, a physician for Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver. Gairdner reported that the first indication of volcanic activity was a dense haze over the area for two or three days, accompanied by falling fine ash. He noted that an even denser haze had occurred in 1831 but that no one had thought of examining the mountain at that time. Illness forced Gairdner to cancel his plans to climb St. Helens, but through a telescope he was able to view "the mountain destitute of its cover of everlasting snow, and furrowed deeply by what through the glass appeared to be lava streams."

A great eruption of Mount St. Helens took place in November of 1842, heralding a period of activity which lasted for fifteen years. In the 1842 explosion, ashes scattered as far east as The Dalles, sixty miles up the Columbia River. Overton Johnson and William H. Winter, pioneer settlers in the Willamette Valley, noted in a journal of 1843 that "Mt. St. Helens, a lofty snow-capped volcano rises from the plain, and is now burning. Frequently, the huge columns of black smoke may be seen, suddenly bursting from its crater."

Many other settlers who traveled to Oregon during the great migrations of the 1840s and 1850s mentioned the volcano and its activity in diaries and letters. Most viewers seemed to regard it as just one more manifestation of the primitive world for which they had left their homes in the East. Peter H. Burnett, however, composed a fascinating word picture with cool and objective delight: "On the 16th of February, being a beautiful and clear day, the mountain burned most magnificently. The dense masses of smoke rose up in one immense column covering the whole crest of the mountain in clouds."

Burnett also recorded a curious mishap in which "An Indian came to [Fort] Vancouver with his foot and leg badly burnt, who stated that he was on the side of the mountain hunting deer, and he came to a stream of something running down the mountain [apparently hot lava], and when he attempted to jump across it, he fell with one foot into it; and . . . got his foot and leg burned. This Indian came to the fort to get Doctor Barclay to administer some remedy to cure his foot."

During March of 1847, Canadian artist Paul Kane, who was then on a sketch-

Continued on page 61

After lying dormant for more than a century, southwest Washington's Mount St. Helens became an active volcano again during the early spring of 1980. Canadian artist Paul Kane witnessed Mount St. Helens billowing smoke during his visit to the Pacific Northwest in 1847. The topography in Kane's oil at right, painted after his return to eastern Canada, is faithfully based on his on-the-spot sketches. But his depiction of a fiery night eruption was probably inspired by Indians' descriptions of spectacular volcanic activity on the mountain during the winter of 1842–43.

AWAKENS

by Elizabeth W. Buehler

COLLECTION OF THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, TORONTO, CANADA

DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL

INEXTRICABLY WOVEN into more than six hundred years of history's fabric, firearms are tangible links with mankind's past. The firearms in the Winchester Museum collection at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center provide an important yardstick of man's achievements in material culture and history. Developed in response to challenging environments, evolving technologies, and specific needs, they reflect a measure of man's adaptability, mastery of technology, and innovation in design skills. On a technological plane, they illustrate the transition from cottage industry and the artisan gunsmith to the techniques of mass production and the industrial mechanic. Additionally, the aesthetics of line, form, and embellishment in firearms, while attractive and often pleasing in themselves, may frequently be interpreted as indices of popular cultural values and tastes. Indeed, many firearms, such as the Kentucky rifle, represent true icons of their contemporary material culture.

Comprising nearly 3,500 firearms and other related memorabilia, the Winchester Museum collection is one of the largest and finest assemblages of projectile arms in America. The collection was begun on an informal basis about 1860 by Oliver F. Winchester, founder and first president of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Constantly augmented over the years, the collection concentrated on Winchester samples and competitive American firearms of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries until 1950, at which time the Winchester firm purchased the Edwin Pugsley collection. This acquisition greatly expanded the scope of the collection, creating an

The new Winchester Museum at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center stands at the forefront of the world's firearms museums. Recipient of the famed Winchester collection of over 3,500 projectile arms, the museum provides exhibits illustrating the development of firearms throughout history and across cultures. Featured among the hundreds of guns in the principal gallery —which interprets the role of firearms in American history—is this handsomely embellished Winchester Model 1886 takedown rifle. Produced in 1899, the rifle was exhibited at the London Armory Company in England from 1904 to 1912.

by Richard Rattenbury with photography by Sheri L. Hoem

assemblage representing all types, designs, origins, and periods in the history of firearms. In addition to an in-depth, representative sampling of firearms throughout history and across cultures, the collection contains examples of particular historical or technological significance and pieces of rare design or unusual enhancement.

The Winchester arms collection was first exhibited from 1910 to 1917 and again after World War II for the edification of company employees, but not until 1959, as the Winchester Gun Museum, was it open to the public at the New Haven manufacturing facility. Although popular enthusiasm was immediately evident, space limitations and the industrial environment inhibited wide visitor attendance. In 1973 Winchester began searching for an appropriate institution to house the collection, one with compatible themes and complementary collections, and one having sufficient space and professional staff to exhibit the firearms as the national treasure and attraction they truly are. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center was chosen, and the arms collection was moved to Cody, Wyoming, in 1975.

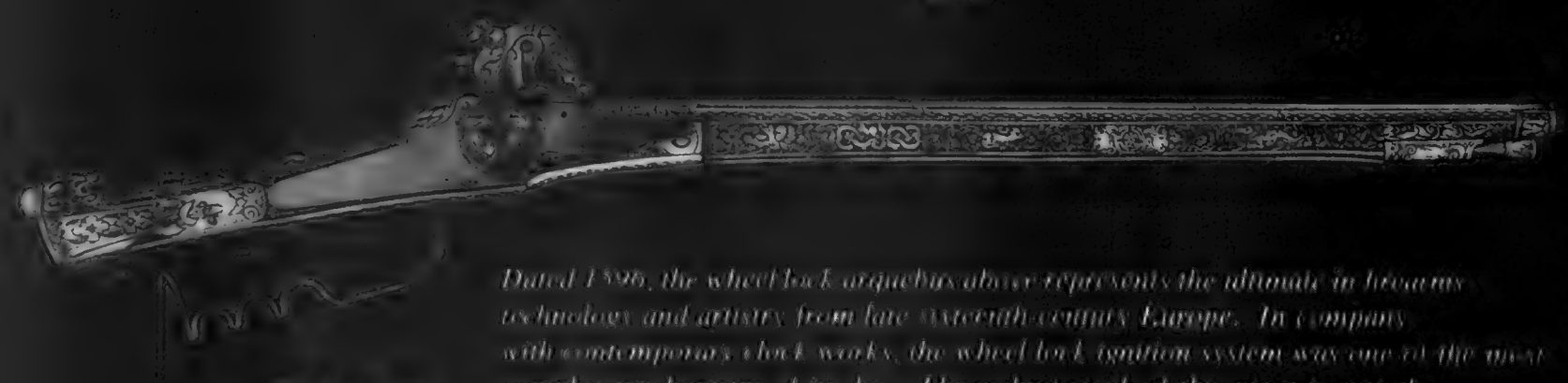
On the Fourth of July, 1976, dedication ceremonies were held in Cody, marking the transfer of the Winchester firearms collection from the Winchester Group of Olin Corporation to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. This presentation represented one of the most impressive and magnanimous transfers of collections in museum history. In mid-June of 1980, nearly four years later, and after two years of planning and design work, dedication ceremonies will again be held to celebrate the installation and

Text continues on page 54; pictures continue overleaf.

A PORTFOLIO OF FIREARMS FROM THE NEW WINCHESTER MUSEUM

TREASURES IN HISTORY, TECHNOLOGY, AND ART

FROM OLD WORLD TO NEW



SAXON WHEEL LOCK ARQUEBUS

Dated 1596, the wheel-lock arquebus above represents the ultimate in hi-tech technology and artistry from late sixteenth-century Europe. In company with contemporary clock works, the wheel lock ignition system was one of the most complex mechanisms of its day. The walnut stock of this piece is entirely inlaid with carved and incised stag horn plates depicting hares, birds, masks, and human figures. The gilded wheel cover is engraved with the arms of Saxony. Such an arm would have been carried by a high ranking officer in the bodyguard of the Elector of Saxony.

CASED ENGLISH DUELLING PISTOLS

KENTUCKY RIFLE

(BOTH SIDES OF THE SAME RIFLE ARE SHOWN)

A cultural evolution of the medieval trial by combat, the code duello, *or code of honor, became a highly formalized social custom among European and American "gentlemen" between 1750 and 1850. Dueling code and custom in turn prescribed some of the finest muzzle-loading pistols ever produced. This pair of English flintlock duelers (left) by Adams of London was made around 1815 and epitomizes the discriminating tastes of the dueling adherent. Cased in mahogany and accompanied with accouterments, the pistols are finely balanced to handle and point naturally. They feature engraved locks and trigger guards, rainproof priming pans, platinum bushings at the touchholes, and finely finished damascus barrels with "London" inlaid in gold on the top flats.*

Developed in response to a challenging wilderness environment, the Kentucky rifle was the first truly American firearm. Many consider it the most elegant of early American art forms. This flintlock example, created by Nicholas Beyer of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, between 1780 and 1810, reflects the form and decorative enhancement of the so-called "Golden Age" of the Kentucky rifle (circa 1780–1820). Such arms are typified by their form and line, as well as by their patchboxes of rococo design and their incised and relief carved stocks. Various inlaid symbols and motifs reflect the religious and superstitious beliefs of the makers and owners of these arms. The bird piercing its breast on the patchbox plate of this piece is an allegorical symbol of Christ, or the soul, which dates back to medieval times. The eight-pointed star on the cheekpiece represents the Bethlehem or birth star.

THE ADVENT OF PERCUSSION FIRE

FORSYTH
DOUBLE-BARREL
SHOTGUN

NEW
ENGLAND
TARGET
RIFLE

The Reverend Alexander Forsyth received English patent rights for his novel detonating lock in 1807. This tremendous advance in firearms technology opened the era of percussion ignition and made possible the development of practical revolving cylinder arms. This shotgun features engraved locks of Forsyth's distinctive "scent bottle" design. The furniture includes "pistol grip" trigger guard with pineapple finial and scroll engraving, ramrod guide and butt plate engraved with floral designs, and silver escutcheons at the wrist of the stock and reinforcing the barrel key. The sighting rib of the barrels is inlaid in gold with the inscription "Forsyth & Company London."

The tradition of competitive target shooting in America is one of long standing. During the mid-nineteenth century, American marksmen formed shooting clubs, and arms makers developed refined, muzzle-loading target rifles. Made by S. C. Miller of New Haven, Connecticut, between 1845 and 1850, the percussion lock piece below features furniture of German silver throughout. The barrel is equipped with a false muzzle and bullet starter to protect the rifling while loading. Such rifles were sometimes employed by snipers during the Civil War.

FIREARMS THAT HELPED WIN THE WEST

MODEL 1876 WINCHESTER RIFLE

Often referred to as the Winchester Centennial Model, the Model 1876 (opposite page) was widely popular in the trans-Mississippi West because it was designed for powerful, large-caliber ammunition. It was a favorite of sportsman Theodore Roosevelt, and the carbine pattern was adopted as the standard arm of the Royal North West Mounted Police in Canada. This deluxe rifle features fancy grain, checkered walnut stocking, and brilliant case-hardened receiver and lever.

CASED COLT REVOLVER

Colonel Samuel Colt was perhaps the greatest entrepreneur of the American firearms industry during the nineteenth century. His Hartford plant developed or adopted the most advanced machine tooling and mass production techniques then available. But Colt was also an extraordinary promotional artist. Many cased presentation arms, such as the percussion Model 1849 pocket revolver above, were given to important political and military figures in an effort to popularize and advance the Colt enterprise. Cased in mahogany with French style interior, this piece exhibits fine scroll engraving in the style of master Gustave Young, in addition to the standard stagecoach holdup scene on the cylinder. The revolver is accompanied with powder flask, bullet mold, percussion cap tin and combination tool.

THE ARMS-MAKER AS ARTIST

IVORY-STOCKED REVOLVERS

Various historians have noted the instrumental role played by revolving-cylinder handguns in the settlement of the American West. Certainly, in the post–Civil War era, the revolver was so ubiquitous as to be considered a standard item of dress on the vanishing frontier. The three examples on the opposite page are exceptions to the unadorned, workaday pieces of that era in that they all feature ivory grips and varying degrees of enhancement—aesthetic points that were "special order" items both then and now. At the top is an engraved Remington New Model Navy revolver altered from percussion to metallic cartridge ignition (circa 1865–1875). In the middle is a Merwin & Hulbert Army revolver with unusual stippled or punched engraving (circa 1877–1880). At the bottom is a Colt Model 1878 "Frontier" revolver.

WINCHESTER-HOTCHKISS RIFLE

The Winchester-Hotchkiss (below) was the first bolt action, magazine repeater produced in America. Nearly all Winchester production of the Hotchkiss patent was of musket pattern for military contracts. The bolt action design never achieved much popularity among sportsmen, who greatly favored the more familiar lever action design. This deluxe sporting rifle is thus a notable exception. Built on the third model pattern (Model 1883), it features a case-hardened and engraved receiver, and fancy checkered pistol grip stock. It was used as an exhibition piece by the Winchester firm at various expositions and at the New York and San Francisco sales offices.

ADVANCES IN DESIGN TECHNOLOGY

MODEL 1895 "CUTAWAY" RIFLE

John M. Browning, America's foremost genius in arms design, made substantial contributions to the Winchester product line between 1885 and 1900. Model 1895, designed by Browning, was a milestone in Winchester production. It was the first lever action repeater to incorporate a box magazine in lieu of the familiar tubular magazine. Cutaway arms such as the one above were produced to demonstrate the internal workings of the cocking, feeding, and ejection mechanism. Like the deluxe Hotchkiss rifle on the preceding page, this piece was intended for promotional and sales purposes.

BORCHARDT PISTOL

Hugo Borchardt, a naturalized American citizen of German descent, was a gifted innovator of firearms design technology in the last decades of the nineteenth century. Having worked at Colt's and Winchester, he moved on to the Sharps Rifle Company, where he invented the Sharps-Borchardt hammerless action in 1878. Borchardt returned to Germany around 1890 to find a manufacturer for his revolutionary semiautomatic pistol design. One of the first truly functional semiautomatics, the Borchardt system featured a unique toggle-link bolt locking design and removable, clip magazine. The pistol at left was built by Loewe of Berlin (circa 1895). In 1898, the D.W.M. (Deutsche Waffen U. Munitionsfabrik) modified the Borchardt design under the guidance of Georg Luger to create the Parabellum, or Luger, pistol.

Among the many Winchester arms produced over the years, perhaps the most noted for overall quality is the Model 21 double-barrel shotgun. Incorporating superior design, materials, and craftsmanship, Model 21 is today ranked as America's premier double shotgun. The piece illustrated here, of Duck Gun style, is additionally significant for its superior embellishment and its association with a notable personality. The shotgun features checkered stocking of selected walnut, fine scroll engraving, gold line inlay of scroll pattern, and gold inlaid, relief engraved ducks. The piece was a personal hunting arm of General James H. Doolittle, who presented it to the Winchester Museum in 1979.

MODEL 21
WINCHESTER
SHOTGUN

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

Celebrating its centennial anniversary, the scenic narrow-gauge railroad from Chama, New Mexico, to Antonito, Colorado, will once again carry passengers along its serpentine line this summer. **The Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad,** jointly owned by the states of New Mexico and Colorado, runs a turn-of-the-century steam engine over a dramatic mountain route through gold and silver country. On the other hand, the **Sierra Railroad** in California's Mother Lode country made its last steam-powered run on December 31, 1979. Passengers crowded the train pulled by Old Number 34 on its final round-trip journey from Jamestown to Warnerville, closing out an era that began in 1897. The railroad is retiring its steam engines because of the high cost of fuel and insurance. The Sierra's historic trains have appeared in movies such as *High Noon* and in the TV series "Little House on the Prairie" and "Petticoat Junction."

The fifth annual **Old-Time Country Music Contest and Pioneer Exposition** in Council Bluffs, Iowa, will be held August 29–31 this year. Plans include expansion of children's activities and a flea-market of pioneer rustics.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, is offering two important **exhibits of western art** from May through September. "Art of the Southwest" features over one hundred artifacts from the Millicent Rogers Museum in Taos, New Mexico, such as weavings, silver and turquoise jewelry, basketry, and pottery. To present western art by N. C. Wyeth, forty-five of his paintings have been assembled on loan from museums and private collectors throughout the country.

The development of **travel in the West** is the theme of an exhibit at the Oakland Museum through June 15. On display are diaries, books, letters, drawings, maps, and photographs from the Western Americana collection of the Beinecke Library at Yale University.

Working models of **early agricultural machinery** will soon be on display at the Museum of the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln. The models are on a scale of one to twelve and include a Case steam traction engine, Case water wagon, Case threshing machine, and a Harr-Parr gasoline tractor.

Traveling across the state of Colorado, the Denver Art Museum's mobile exhibition van takes works of art to citizens of the state. This year's exhibit **Beauty and Wildness** focuses on the art of the American West and features such artists as Albert Bierstadt, Charles Russell, and Frederic Remington, as well as anonymous Indian craftsmen.

"Hawaii: The Royal Isles," an unprecedented **exhibition of the arts of Hawaii** will begin a mainland tour at the Art Institute of Chicago in September. Organized by Honolulu's Bishop Museum, the exhibit will include approximately three hundred ethnographic and historical artifacts. Some of these treasures have never before left the islands, such as the feather cape of King Kamehameha and the feathered helmet of a Hawaiian high chief. After leaving Chicago, the exhibition will travel to New York, Boston, Denver, Los Angeles, Seattle, and San Francisco.

At San Diego's Panama–California Exposition in 1915, many plaster models of busts of the **Teton-Sioux** were exhibited. Now on display through July 27 at that city's Museum of Man are the original casts plus photographs of the individuals who served as models for the busts.

Aiming to serve the community by educating it to cultural differences, the Heard Museum in Phoenix is offering **Peoples of Southeast Asia** through the summer months. This exhibit explores the life ways of various ethnic groups of the mainland area of Southeast Asia, and is especially appropriate as Arizona is now the home for several thousand refugees from that area.

The **oldest locomotive** in the Rocky Mountain area is the South Park line engine #191 now on permanent exhibit at the Colorado Railroad Museum in Golden. Built in 1880, the Baldwin 2-8-0 type saw service essentially as a freight engine serving Colorado mining towns, first with the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad. In 1902 the locomotive went to a Wisconsin lumber firm; after thirty years of hauling lumber, it was put on display at a logging museum in Rhinelander. Recently returned to Colorado, #191 is undergoing a careful overhaul.

On August 12–13 in Salt Lake City, the Genealogical Society of Utah and the Mormons will sponsor the second World Conference on Records. Emphasizing the gathering and writing of **personal and family history,** the conference is expected to attract 10,000 amateurs and professionals from around the world.

The Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth has recently acquired two **important photographic collections**—the entire photographic estate of Laura Gilpin and sixty-one photographs taken by Lewis Hine. The Gilpin bequest includes a vast number of prints, negatives, and notes made by Gilpin during her career of seventy years; her focus was upon the people and landscape of the Southwest. Hines traveled throughout Texas and Oklahoma at the beginning of the century photographing children at work in fields and factories, with the aim of effecting reforms in working conditions for children.

In **Manhattan, Kansas,** the ninth grade English class of Mrs. Janet Mody at Manhattan Junior High School recently won a first place award for a project on the **history of Riley county.** Granted by the Kansas Art Commission, the honor acknowledged the class's contribution to knowledge about early homesteaders in Manhattan. The students voted to contribute part of the prize money to The Riley County Historical Society and Museum. **AW**

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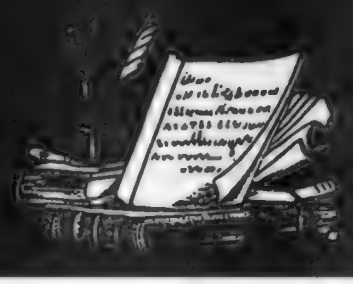
THE AMERICAN WEST REVIEW



THE NATURAL MAN OBSERVED: A STUDY OF CATLIN'S INDIAN GALLERY

Reviewed by Peter H. Hassrick

The Natural Man Observed: A Study of Catlin's Indian Gallery *by William H. Truettner (Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1979, in association with the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Forth Worth; 323 pp., illus., biblio., notes, indexes, descriptive catalogue, $40.00).*

ONE HUNDRED and fifty years ago, the American artist George Catlin left his home in Pennsylvania to travel among Indian tribes west of the Mississippi, compelled by the desire to create a pictorial record of Indian culture before the disappearance of these native American people. During the next decade, Catlin completed over six hundred paintings of the American West, depicting Indian life and customs with genuine respect and sympathy. Assembled as the Catlin "Indian Gallery," the collection toured American and European capitals for the next thirty years to great public interest and acclaim. In 1879, seven years after Catlin's death, the Smithsonian Institution acquired this collection.

Under sponsorship of the Smithsonian, Thomas Donaldson completed an exhaustive treatise on Catlin's collection in 1885, revealing the magnitude of Catlin's contribution as the first artist to make a serious study of the western tribes. Donaldson's recognition of the importance of Catlin's accomplishment led to a systematic second look at Indian culture in the Eleventh Census of the United States in 1890. With Donaldson's encouragement, five American painters, including Peter Moran and Julian Scott, were assigned to the census to provide pictorial documentation. The census artists discovered, of course, that much had changed since the time of Catlin's forays on the northern prairies some sixty years before. For as Catlin was witness to the opening of the frontier, Peter Moran and his colleagues arrived to view its demise. In heeding Donaldson's urgings, the government acknowledged both the importance of artistic documentation in general and the fundamental role which Catlin had played in preserving the image of native Americans before the dynamics of an evolving frontier invited pervasive and often devastating transformation.

Nearly one hundred years after Donaldson assembled his comprehensive annotation of "The George Catlin Indian Gallery," the Smithsonian Institution has again promoted interest in this pivotal western artist by publishing, in cooperation with the Amon Carter Museum, William H. Truettner's book, *The Natural Man Observed: A Study of Catlin's Indian Gallery*. One hundred years is a long time to wait for a critical reassessment. Yet, one does not have to read very far to realize that it has been well worth the wait.

Conceding the "importance and value" which Catlin placed on his "Gallery unique and emperishable," Truettner has catalogued Catlin's known works and distinguished between those works completed in the field and the numerous later studio versions. The descriptive catalogue, which accounts for almost two-thirds of Truettner's book, lists the 607 original paintings of the Indian Gallery and illustrates each extant work. Other versions by the artist are noted alongside the originals. The resulting catalogue provides the most comprehensive annotations and checklist of Catlin's works ever compiled. This compilation, alone, makes Truettner's work the most scholarly, complete and useful source ever produced in this regard. Yet that is but one of the book's unique contributions.

Truettner also embarked on a number of other ambitious tasks. He claims for example, that "historians . . . have been so fascinated by the magnitude of his [Catlin's] activities and accomplishments, with the story he sought to leave behind, that they have been remarkably uncritical in assessing his work." In addition the author found that little has been said about the milieu in which the artist developed—about Philadelphia and the community of intellectual enlightenment which guided Catlin's inspiration and success. And most surprising of all, Truettner discovered that never has the artist "been given just credit for his most significant contribution—the beguiling veil of primitivism that he cast across the American West."

As each chapter unfolds, a fuller understanding of Catlin and his place in American history and art emerges. The early chapters, essentially biographical in focus, uncover little information not already revealed by earlier writers such as Ewers, McCracken and Haberly, but they are balanced, concise, and objective. The reader is refreshed by Truettner's observations of a real man whose talent and hubris at once conflict with and complement each other throughout an extraordinary lifetime. Later chapters move beyond the man and his personality to deal with his times, the influence of science, literature, and art on Catlin and his incomparable achievement. The spiritual and intellectual ambience of Philadelphia, the primitives of Cooper's wilderness, and the dashing finesse of Sully's style of portraiture—all are counted among the many guiding lights which contributed to Catlin's success as much as his longing to preserve the fading image of Indian peoples.

"My intention," writes Truettner, "has been to supply an interpretation of the artist's work, one that would explain the wellsprings of Catlin's ambition, and give us a clearer understanding of the image he developed of Plains Indians and the American West." He has achieved just that. **AW**

Peter H. Hassrick is Director of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming.

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Secret Band of Brothers

by Jonathan H. Green

Foreword by Joseph A. Horny

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WESTERN BOOKS IN BRIEF

San Francisco As It Is As It Was *by Paul C. Johnson and Richard Reinhardt (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, 1979; 240 pp., illus., index, $19.95).*

Celebrating the vitality and charm of San Francisco, this handsome, large-format, pictorial volume portrays the past and present of the City by the Bay. A profusion of appealing vintage photographs and contrasting contemporary views join with an interpretive and wry text to depict changes in the lives of San Franciscans from boom days of the nineteenth century to the frenetic times of the seventies.

Pioneers and Preachers: Stories of the Old Frontier *by Robert William Mondy (Nelson-Hall, Chicago, 1980; 268 pp., illus., notes, index, $21.95 cloth; $10.95 paper).*

Social life and customs on the North Louisiana frontier (1783–1865) make fascinating reading. Historian Mondy presents a lively, documented account of many facets of frontier life, such as, shelter, marriage and sex, odd ideas and behavior, preachers and religion.

The Art of Emily Carr *by Doris Shadbolt (University of Washington, Seattle, 1979; 223 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $39.95).*

This handsome over-sized book presents 200 of Carr's vigorous paintings of the Northwest coast landscape and Indian art, with over half of them in full color. A skillful text probes the spiritual and technical development of this Canadian artist (1871–1945).

"Dear Charlie" Letters *from Horace Snow (Mariposa County Historical Society, Fresno, California, 1979; 118 pp., illus., map, $10.00 cloth; $4.00 paper).*

In these appealing letters, a young Bostonian related his experiences during 1853 in California. He regaled "Dear Charlie" with humorous descriptions of gold camp happenings while revealing his own aspirations in a light, informal style.

The Southwest *by David Lavender (Harper & Row, New York, 1980; 352 pp., maps, biblio., index, $15.95).*

In a sparkling style, Lavender skillfully portrays the complex history of the American Southwest from the time of its earliest inhabitants to the present. The author's lively narrative is liberally sprinkled with anecdotes.

Morris B. Parker's Mules, Mines and Me in Mexico 1895–1932 *ed. by James M. Day (University of Arizona, Tucson, 1979; 230 pp., illus., notes, maps, biblio., index, $7.95 paper).*

In an engaging style an American mining engineer narrates his experiences in northern Mexico when that country was undergoing both political and mining revolutions. Parker's approach is humanistic, stressing ordinary people above political and business leaders.

Charles M. Russell (1864–1926): Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture, *introd. by Frederic G. Renner (Norton Art Gallery, 4747 Creswell Ave., Shreveport, Louisiana 71106, 1979; 120 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $8.50 postpaid).*
Frederic Remington (1861–1909): Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture, *introd. by Brian W. Dippie (Norton Art Gallery, 4747 Creswell Ave., Shreveport, Louisiana 71106, 1979; 108 pp., illus., biblio., index, paper $8.00 postpaid).*

The Norton Art Gallery has issued handsome, large-format catalogues of their important holdings of works by Russell and Remington. Illustrations are in color or black and white as the originals appear, and are accompanied by informative notes.

Old Texas Trails *by J. W. Williams, ed. by Kenneth F. Neighbours (Eakin Press, Burnet, Texas, 1979; 447 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $18.95).*

Years of walking the paths and old roadways of Texas, plus the study of primary sources, resulted in this interesting volume setting out the trails traveled by pioneer groups from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. **AW**

INDEH:
AN APACHE ODYSSEY

Available June 1

Daklugie in the costume of the Nednhi Apache medicine man.

Geronimo (far right) with his son (left) and two braves.

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WESTERN BOOK REVIEWS

Frontier Women: The Trans-Mississippi West, 1840–1880 *by Julie Roy Jeffrey (Hill and Wang, New York, 1979; 256 pp., intro., biblio., index, $11.95 cloth; $5.95 paper).*

Reviewed by Darlis A. Miller

WHAT WERE women's roles in settling the trans-Mississippi West? How did women fare on the overland journey? What adjustments did they make, and how did they view their experiences? These and other questions Julie Roy Jeffrey, Associate Professor of History at Goucher College, attempts to answer in *Frontier Women*, a book intended for the general reader, but one which will delight the scholar for its extensive research.

Women traditionally have been omitted from studies of the western experience, and Jeffrey sets out to correct this neglect. Limiting her study to "white" American women moving west in the decades of heaviest migration, the author begins by discussing popular images of the West, reasons for emigrating, and life on the overland trail. Though some women reluctantly followed husbands west, many were enthusiastic pioneers, motivated by adventure and romance, but more frequently by concern for the family's economic success. In subsequent chapters, Jeffrey explores women's role in carrying civilization to the frontier, women in mining camps and Mormon communities, and the question of whether the frontier allowed women greater freedom.

Throughout, the author convincingly demonstrates that frontier women shared with eastern women a belief in the cult of domesticity and sought to live up to traditional roles as wives and mothers. Though environmental conditions might require women to take on "masculine" jobs, the domestic ideal was still the goal toward which most women worked. Rarely did they seek to redefine "women's sphere" or to work out new relations between the sexes. Jeffrey concludes that the frontier did not liberate women from conventional sex roles; rather, "women valued themselves and were valued for their traditional qualities."

An accomplished writer, Jeffrey breathes life into pioneer women, capturing their robust spirits and their enormous capacity to endure. With great sensitivity, she documents the hardships, privations, and rewards of frontier life. This is a valuable contribution to the literature of both frontier history and women's history. **AW**

Darlis A. Miller is assistant professor of history at New Mexico State University, Las Cruces.

More Burs Under the Saddle: Books & Histories of the West *by Ramon F. Adams (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1979; 182 pp., intro., index, $14.95).*

Reviewed by W. Eugene Hollon

THE LATE RAMON ADAMS represented a rare combination of successful businessman and self-taught historian of the American West. Perhaps best known among his twenty-one books are *Western Words: A Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp, and Trail; A Dictionary of the West;* and *Burs Under the Saddle: A Second Look at Books and Histories of the West*. The latter, with its more than 400 annotated entries, has been a major reference work for those who want to separate fact from fancy and truth from legend about the events, heroes, and badmen of the West. *More Burs*, published posthumously, takes up where the 1964 volume ends, with evaluations—largely critical—of 233 additional works.

Adams has little patience with writers who carelessly or deliberately repeat sensational and frequently untrue stories about western outlaws without any attempt to investigate. His latest effort to set the record straight takes on the fervor of a crusade. Few men were more meticulous in their own research or better qualified to play the role of gadfly. Unfortunately, the late historian was guilty of some of the same careless practices for which he faults others. For example, he castigates one writer for stating that Billy the Kid allegedly "killed between a dozen and more than twenty-one men," while completely ignoring the qualifying comment in both the narrative and accompanying footnote that the Kid probably killed less than half that number, and more likely only three or four.

He also states that Butch Cassidy lived until 1936 and was not killed thirty years earlier in Bolivia as claimed by most historians. Yet, Adams offers no more proof than the assertion of Cassidy's octogenarian sister that the outlaw visited his family in Circleville, Utah, in 1929.

Most of the "corrections" in *More Burs Under the Saddle* concern western outlaws, a subject about which the author had few peers. The index contains seventy-four references to Billy the Kid alone, and slightly fewer to Sam Bass, Wyatt Earp, Jesse James, and "Wild Bill" Hickok. **AW**

W. Eugene Hollon is a past president of the Western History Association and Ohio Regents Professor of History, Emeritus. He has authored numerous books on the American West. Now retired, he lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Pacifying the Plains: General Alfred Terry and the Decline of the Sioux, 1866–1890 *by John W. Bailey (Greenwood Press, Westport, Conn., 1979; 250 pp., illus., maps, biblio., index, $18.95).*

Reviewed by Don Russell

IN HUNDREDS of books and articles about Custer's last fight, little attention is given to the expedition's commander, General Alfred Terry, except in endless debate over the general's last order to Custer. Terry deserves the closer look offered here.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Terry was a practicing attorney, a colonel in the Connecticut militia, and a hobbyist in military science. As brigadier general he captured Fort Fisher after Ben Butler had bungled the job. Terry's legal background made him useful in the South during Reconstruction, but most of his postwar career was in the Department of

Dakota where he gets, and deserves, credit for actions that resulted in "the decline of the Sioux."

Judging from the bibliography, Professor Bailey has uncovered almost every scrap of paper and line of type relating to his subject, yet Terry remains an aloof personality. Only letters to his sisters reveal anything, and it is not much, of the man behind official records.

The book is so tightly written as to omit background needed by the reader not familiar with the period. The difference between Blackfeet Indians and Blackfeet Sioux Indians is not clarified nor are Siouan subtribes defined. "The Twenty-second Regiment of the Second Connecticut Volunteers," page 5, is an incomprehensible designation. Fitz John Porter was not a colonel when he had his trouble with Pope at Second Bull Run, page 200. An officer's retired pay is not usually referred to as a pension, page 203. "Fremont House" in Chicago should be Tremont, page 61.

The book falls short of deserving definitive designation, but it seems unlikely Terry will attract another biographer soon. **AW**

Don Russell, an honorary life member of the Western History Association, is an authority on the Indian wars.

Voyageur Country: A Park in the Wilderness *by Robert Treuer (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1979; 173 pp., illus., maps, chronology, suggested reading, $10.95).*

Reviewed by William Donohue Ellis

THIS IS quite a book. It is a non-fiction suspense story, eighty years of battle, against proliferating opposition, to get the wondrous Rainy Lake wilderness region in Minnesota legislated into a national park. The opposing battalions are manned by national names you will recognize.

Robert Treuer's love affair with the glorious and historic wilderness northwest of Lake Superior's Thunder Bay under the Canada border bleeds through his restrained factual prose. He gets you aboard the fight with his picture of the region in question which is: 344 square miles and 219,000 acres of wilderness, half water, on the historic fur trade route of the voyageurs. It contains four large lakes (Rainy, Namakan, Kabetogama and Sand Point) laced with stony islands.

Voyageurs Park is aspen country and red and white pine with some spruce, jack pine, ash, black spruce, paper birch

NEBRASKA

THE NOVEL OF THE AMERICAN WEST *by John R. Milton.* The chief concern of this study is what the author calls the capital *W* Western novel— the serious work of literature which is as well written as the major novels of any other region, but which has been confused generically with the lowercase *w* western: the popular, formula western hacked out for the mass market. xviii, 341 pages. **$17.95**

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TRAILS OF YESTERDAY *by John Bratt. Introduction by Nellie Snyder Yost.* First published in 1921, *Trails of Yesterday* is a classic first-hand account of ranching on the northern Great Plains in the 1870s and 1880s. xx, 322 pages, illustrated. Paper *BB 723* **$5.50**

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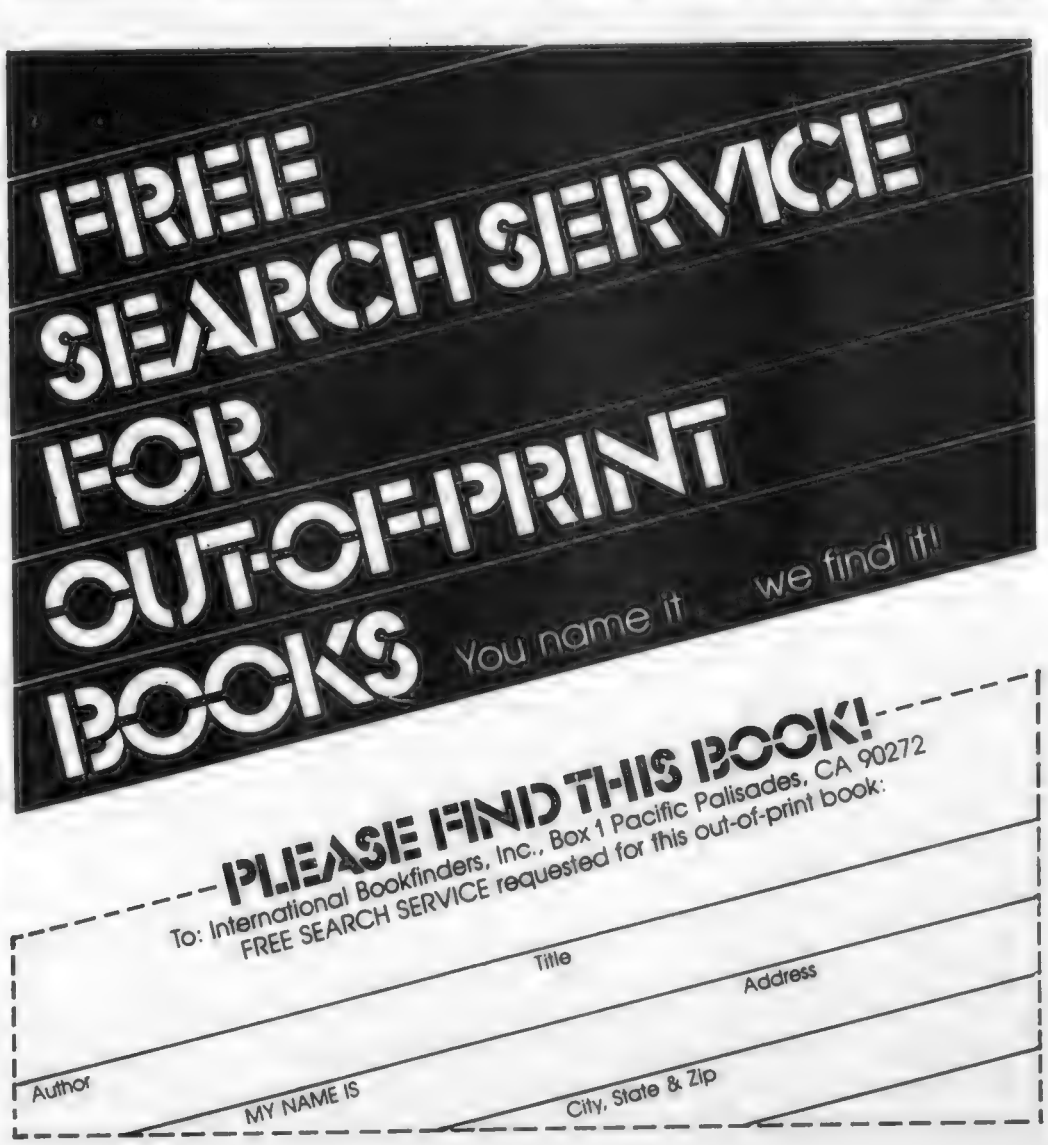

and cedar. It harbors some rarities, for example, jack-in-the-pulpit, frost grape, certain orchids. A hundred species of birds inhabit, along with twenty-four species of fish, including walleye. The animals are the woodland animals you would expect, including moose, white-tailed deer and bear. An attempt is under way to reestablish caribou and elk.

A hundred years before the English poked west of the Alleghenies, the French were operating a long, looping, crescent empire from Montreal west to Duluth and Rainy Lake and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. The real soldiers of the sweeping French claim were the water-borne voyageurs and their Indian allies of the epic fur trade. Even for the reader familiar with that, Treuer has outstanding detail which makes it new—Indian internal politics; the voyageurs, massive-shouldered and short-legged, doing forty to sixty strokes per minute set by the *chanseur;* detail on routes, canoe construction, capacity, cargo, crew duties, clothes, profits, competition, and finally destruction of the fur animals and removal of the Indians.

Treuer then chronicles the ensuing exploitation waves: iron ore, timbering, pulp, and their massive support industries. The Indians watched. And finally came tourism. With that background being half the book, Treuer moves into the long, acrimonious struggle for the park, beginning in 1891.

For a while, two figures personified the battle. Edward W. Backus, operator of vast properties engaged in logging, pulping, and power generation, symbolized industrialization of the border lakes. Ernest Oberholtzer, a powerful naturalist, rose opposite him with active followers. Over the decades new leaders replaced the old, and the battle becam... a trench warfare stand-off. Tremendous offsetting clout entered the fight: Charles Lindberg, Dr. Charles Mayo, Arthur Godfrey, Walter Mondale, Eugene McCarthy, Justice William O. Douglas, Boise Cascade Company. A new legislator's career could get scrunched. Leave it alone.

In addition to being good reading for anyone interested in the wild regions, Robert Treuer's book is a valuable guide to anyone maneuvering a contentious project through enviro-political wars. In 1961, when Minnesota Governor Elmer L. Andersen took office, a new strategy evolved which would after only ten more years conclude the eighty-year battle victoriously for the park. To reveal that strategy here would be like telling who-done-it. **AW**

William Donohue Ellis is the author of Great Lakes regional books including Land of the Inland Seas *and the national best selling* Bounty Lands *trilogy.*

THE NEW WINCHESTER MUSEUM

(Continued from page 35)

formal opening of the Winchester Museum collections in a permanent exhibit hall.

The new Winchester Museum will encompass 14,000 square feet of exhibit area and will feature between 1,600 and 1,700 arms. Special effort will be made to interpret the collection in its various historical, technological, and aesthetic contexts. In this vein, a Winchester Advisory Committee made up of noted arms collectors and scholars has been working closely with the Museum staff for nearly two years. Interpretation of the collection is planned on three levels. Unlike the previous exhibit, the new installation will feature extended reading material for the various theme areas and a more uniform labeling system. For the uninitiated visitor, a brief introductory film will present the basic terminology and evolution of firearms. And for the visitor seeking detailed information, a computer system using viewing screens in the galleries will allow the retrieval of archival data on any firearm on display.

Broad in scope and rich in variety, the Winchester Museum arms collection allows multifaceted presentation and interpretation. Unlike the previous temporary exhibit at the Center, which was basically an open storage or encyclopedic presentation by typology, the new installation will be far more thematic and interpretive. The collections will be placed in their true cultural and historic context through the use of a series of exhibits tracing the development and use of firearms through familiar historic periods. The principal gallery in the Museum will interpret firearms in American history, treating such themes as the Colonial and Revolutionary War eras, the frontier roles of the Kentucky and the Hawken-Plains rifles, and the contribution of American firearms makers to the nation's industrial growth in the nineteenth century. Other groupings in this series will include Civil War arms of the North and South, target rifles in America, and the era of western settlement (which will feature the re-creation of a typical western gunshop).

In addition to the thematic exhibits, various comparative, encyclopedic study groups will be featured for the more serious collector and student. These will include chronologies of smoothbored, rifled, and revolving cylinder longarms; a series of handguns illustrating various ignition systems, mechanical designs, and notable manufacturers; and an evolutionary progression of U.S. military longarms and handguns. As a special tribute to the remarkable contributions of the Winchester firm, an entire gallery area will be devoted to Winchester's forerunners, production models, experimental arms, and highly embellished pieces. Other specialized exhibits will deal with curio and combination weapons, the evolution of firearms from handcannon to semiautomatic, and the firearm as art form.

At the 1976 dedication George Chandler, then president of the Winchester Group, noted: "We think it especially fitting that Winchester has found a permanent home in Cody, Wyoming, under the same roof with the Buffalo Bill Museum, the Whitney Gallery of Western Art, and the Plains Indian Museum, which together constitute the foremost museum complex in the field of Western Americana." In June of 1980, with newly expanded, organized, and interpreted galleries, it may well be said that the Winchester Museum is the foremost arms museum in America. **AW**

Richard Rattenbury *is Curator of the Winchester Museum, Buffalo Bill Historical Center.*

Sheri Hoem *is staff photographer at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center.*

CAPTAIN JOHN SUTTER

(Continued from page 10)

wilderness, where the Indians were very wild and very bad. . . . I asked the Governor for a grant of land by the Sacramento River. Alvarado advised me to make my selection first and to return to Monterey within a year in order to become a citizen. Then he would give me a grant for all unoccupied land that I might have selected."

Once again in Yerba Buena (nascent San Francisco), Sutter sent the brig back to Honolulu. Then he chartered the twenty-ton schooner *Isabella*, whose master was the Hawaiian, John (Kanaka Jack) Rainsford. As a consort, he added the small *Nicholas*, once the yacht of the King of the Sandwich Islands. Her skipper was another Hawaiian, William Heath (Kanaka Bill) Davis. To round out his little fleet, Sutter bought a small pinnace. He crewed his flotilla with two German carpenters from Hawaii, a few sailors he found "on the beach" in Yerba Buena, and eight experienced Hawaiian seamen. According to Sutter, King Kamehameha himself had given him the men with the understanding that he pay them ten dollars a month and allow them to return to the Islands, at Sutter's expense, after three years of service if they chose to return.

Hawaiians played a key, if little-known, role in Sutter's pivotal establishment which, in only a few years, would help swing Alta California from Mexican to American control. He liked the kanakas from his first encounter with them. He echoed the admiration of the Russian circumnavigator, Vasili Golovnin, who wrote (as early as 1818) of their fealty: "The Sandwich Islanders like to work on European ships and the Americans, who always have several of them in their employ, praise them very highly as eager, obedient, reliable and intelligent workers, and always loyal to their superiors."

Sutter found the loyalty of his kanakas to be exemplary. "These men were very glad to go with me," he recalled, "and at the expiration of their time, they showed no inclination to return to their people. Two of them were married and brought their wives with them." (If he counted correctly and did not forget to mention one wahine, one of those "wives" became Sutter's mistress or common law wife.) "I could not have settled the country without the aid of these kanakas." Later, after finding himself abandoned by erstwhile friends, Sutter could not help adding to his praise of the Hawaiians. "They were always faithful and loyal to me."

Before heading up the Sacramento River, Sutter mended fences. While getting acquainted with the countryside, he went to Sonoma to pay his respects to General Mariano Vallejo, Governor Alvarado's uncle but also his chief political rival. Wisely, Sutter made the visit in the company of Yerba Buena's popular port captain, William A. Richardson, and Vallejo's son-in-law, Captain John Wilson. Dumbfounded that Sutter meant to set up a colony in the wilderness with only a handful of men, the general urged him to settle instead near Mount Diablo, or in the Napa Valley, or near his Suscol Ranch in the Suisun Bay area. Sutter politely declined. He was aware that Alvarado and Vallejo each hoped to use him as a pawn in their rivalry, but he also had another reason. "I said that I preferred to settle by a navigable river. This, however, was only an excuse. My real object was to get away from the influence of the Spaniards. . . . I had noticed very well that one's hat had to be taken off before the military guard, the flagstaff, and the church. I preferred a country where I could keep my hat on. In other words, I wanted to be my own master."

Upon leaving Sonoma, Sutter traveled to the coast to visit the Russian outpost at Fort Ross. There, he exuded the charisma of a confidence man and won the friendship of the governor, Alexander Rotchev. Not only did the latter show Sutter his wheat and barley fields, his vegetable patches and orchards, but the Russian urged the Swiss to call on him if he could be of any service to the colonization plans.

BACK AT San Francisco Bay, Sutter showed himself to be a conscientious and able planner. In addition to provisions, he stocked his little fleet with agricultural implements and blacksmith's and carpenter's tools. He was coming to stay. He armed his men with rifles, muskets, and side arms, took plenty of ammunition, and for good measure, added three cannon.

The Swiss set off in the pinnace on August 1, 1839, rowed by his Hawaiians. The two other vessels fell in line behind him. At the rancho of Ignacio Martínez on Carquinez Strait, Sutter made arrangements for later purchase of horses and cattle for his colony, and then entered the San Joaquin Delta. Even under the piloting skill of the Honolulu skippers, the vessels wandered into shallows and dead-end sloughs, for there were no charts. When the vessels became separated in the jungle of tules (bulrushes) and cattails, Sutter made blazes on tree trunks and attached notes to branches so that his men could follow him.

The Swiss found fetishes, bundles of white feathers, tied on tree branches. But he did not see a single Indian until he reached a point a dozen miles below the mouth of the American River, named for Jedediah Smith's fur trappers of 1828 or Hudson's Bay Company Canadians, whom the Mexicans confused with Americans. Here he met altogether too many Indians for comfort. Some two hundred hostiles, painted in black, yellow, and red pigment, lined up in an opening "very keen for a fight." Jumping ashore, unarmed and alone, the Swiss marched up to meet the Indians. He displayed genuine courage on this occasion, but not foolhardiness. As he remembered, "I had instructed my men to stand ready with their arms concealed, but not to fire until they saw me attacked."

Hoping that runaway mission Indians were among the mob, Sutter shouted in bungling Spanish, "Adiós, amigos!" meaning to say, "Hello, my friends!" rather than goodbye. Two of the warriors advanced toward him, speaking in Spanish a cut above his own. "I told them that I had not

come to them to make war or to carry them off to the missions, but that I had come to live among them as a friend." Seemingly satisfied with his promise of presents-to-come, the body of warriors moved off peacefully.

Continuing to explore up the Sacramento River, Sutter was halted by a near mutiny of his followers (except the Hawaiians), tired of wandering in the wilderness. He returned to the mouth of the American, proceeded up to shoal water, and landed everything.

Once his tents were pitched and the cannon placed to guard them, he faced his muttering men. "I was determined to put an end to it," he later explained. "As soon as everything was on shore, I called all hands together and informed them that, the next morning, I should send the schooner to Yerba Buena. I told them I wanted to have none but contented men around me, even at the risk of being left alone with my kanakas." Six men decided to pull out.

Just before his deserters shoved off next day, the crowd of Indians arrived. Sutter's remaining force consisted of himself, his praetorian guard of eight Hawaiians, three whites, his Indian servant (brought from the Rockies), and a bulldog from Hawaii. But his diplomacy was up to the demands of the critical situation, which could have aborted all his colonizing plans. He was very generous with his gifts of blankets, shirts, and beads. He even bought a few worthless, swaybacked horses from the Indians, planning to return them once the animals were well. (He did.) Although the Indians seemed to be satisfied and friendly, Sutter showed off the effects of powder and ball, just to be on the safe side. The demonstration was effective. He observed, "They naturally showed no inclination to have the guns trained on them."

A skillful showman and diplomat, handling friendship and force like a juggler, Sutter gave the Indians an impressive final lesson in ordnance by saluting the departure of the schooner and yacht with cannon fire. Kanaka Bill, who was as skilled with a pen as with a lead line or tiller, described (in William Heath Davis, *Seventy-Five Years in California* [1929]) the memorable leave-taking: "As the heavy report of the guns and the echoes died away, the camp of the little party was surrounded by hundreds of Indians, who were excited and astonished at the unusual sound. A large number of deer, elk and other animals on the plains were startled, running to and fro, stopping to listen, their heads raised, full of curiosity and wonder, seemingly attracted and fascinated to the spot, while from the interior of the adjacent wood the howl of wolves and coyotes filled the air and immense flocks of waterfowl flew wildly about . . . ."

The seaman sensed that history was being made at that godforsaken spot. "This salute was the first echo of civilization in the primitive wilderness, so soon to become populated and developed into a great agricultural and commercial center. We returned the salute with nine cheers from the schooners, the vessels flying the American colors. The cheer was heartily responded to by the little garrison, and thus we parted company."

Not counting the canvas tents, the first structures of Sutter's Fort or Nueva Helvetia were the traditional little grass shacks of Hawaii, built by his Islanders. From these rude shelters, Sutter began an intensive career of Indian diplomacy which won the respect and often the friendship and loyalty of most of the nearby tribes. Not all were friendly. At first, there were attempts to assassinate him, but each was frustrated by his Honolulu "bull." Sadly, it was necessary for him to mount several punitive expeditions against hostiles, but Sutter's paternalism and patience won over most of the natives with little bloodshed.

Within five years, Sutter replaced the Hawaiian huts with a powerful adobe-walled fort. Its cannon-bearing bastions were garrisoned by a company of Sutter's Indian grenadiers, outfitted in green European uniforms obtained from Fort Ross. In 1841 the adventurer stretched his credit to the breaking point and bought Fort Ross and Bodega—lock, stock, and barrel—from the Russians. By 1844, the army-less captain who, under siege, (according to Edwin Bryant) had to subsist on grass for food (like the so-called Digger Indians themselves) was the Lord of the Sacramento and as powerful as Vallejo or Alvarado.

AS INDUSTRIOUS as he was visionary, by 1844 Sutter had developed irrigated wheat fields, a flour mill, a tannery, and a distillery. He had acquired a large following of whites, Indians, and Hawaiians; and the governor had appointed him the civil and military commander on the frontier—*Encargado de Justicia y Representante del Gobierno en las Fronteras del Río del Sacramento*. Sutter imitated Fort Vancouver by sending out parties under Pearson B. Reading to trap beaver and land otter. He bought horses and cattle from Martínez, and soon the herds tended by his Indian vaqueros were roaming hundreds of acres of his land grant, by then confirmed.

The patent granted Sutter in 1844 by Mexican Governor Alvarado comprised eleven square leagues (approximately 49,000 acres), not counting overflowed lands within the grant. Sutter's domain was bounded on the north by the Prairie Buttes (Marysville Buttes), on the west by the Sacramento River, on the east by the Feather River, and on the south by a line running approximately through the mouth of the American. Sutter never knew the exact size of his herds as he never found time to make an inventory. In later years, however, he estimated that at the peak of his operations the stock included around 12,000 head of cattle, 2,000 horses and mules, and between 10,000 and 15,000 sheep. (Several visitors to Sutter's ranchlands made lower estimates.)

The extent of Sutter's holdings and commercial activities, together with his civil and military powers and a considerable following of Indians and whites, explain his reputation as "baron of the Sacramento" and colonizer of northern California. While he was enjoying his growing influence, however, Sutter was succumbing to a weakness which would contribute to future crises; he repeatedly borrowed beyond his means and acquired a number of impatient creditors.

From 1841 on, Sutter's feudal domain was the imme-

diate destination of California-bound overland emigrants. Doubtless, Sutter's later reminiscences were somewhat self-serving, when he was trying to get compensation from the United States government. "I gave passports to those entering the country and they [the Mexican authorities] did not like it. I was friendly with the emigrants. . . . I encouraged emigration, while they discouraged it. I sympathized with the Americans, while they hated them." But his words were verified, over and over, by those who benefitted from his hospitality. Typical is the comment of Captain William F. Swasey, who arrived at the fort, almost destitute, in September of 1845. "We were received by Captain Sutter with the utmost hospitality and kindness. Our wants were freely supplied without stint or pay. . . . It would require volumes to recite the numerous acts of kindness and hospitality so generously and eagerly extended by Captain Sutter."

Sutter's star rose higher and higher and reached its zenith in 1844. In that year Governor Manuel Micheltorena not only had to ask Sutter for help when his regime was threatened by a civil war, he awarded his loyal Swiss lieutenant a second large land grant for his services.

At long last, Sutter was able to play the soldierly role of which he had dreamed. On New Year's Day 1845, he led a strong force, by Alta California standards, out through the gates of his fortress, heading for southern California where Mexican partisans disputed the authority of Governor Micheltorena. In the ranks were real fighters, like roughneck Ezekiel Merritt, mountaineer Caleb Greenwood, one of the Laframboise clan of Canadian trappers, and Kit Carson's brother, Moses. Unfortunately, Sutter made the mistake of his life by impressing into unwilling service the unsavory Dr. John Marsh, already a rival of Sutter. A mean and treacherous fellow (he was murdered in 1856 by three of his own vaqueros because of ill treatment and bad wages), Marsh spent his time on the long march spreading doubt and dissension among the troops.

Even worse for Sutter, the governor lost his will to win. He decided to call it quits, to abandon California to the rebels after saving face by participating in an engagement whose outcome was known in advance. In short, he would arrange a sham battle with his enemy, José Castro, in order to save face. He would then surrender. Unfortunately for Sutter, Micheltorena did not let his trusted (and, alas, trusting) lieutenant in on the secret. Completely unaware of the double-dealing, Sutter was trapped in an untenable position at the bloodless Battle of Cahuenga in the San Fernando area. Bemused by his opportunity to command troops at last, Sutter was not even aware that the gringos on both sides had smelled a rat, called a truce, held a joint meeting, and decided to sit out the battle. After a few artillery rounds were fired from a culverin, Micheltorena ran up the white flag, and Sutter, abandoned by his janissaries, was ignominiously captured. He was held prisoner in the rebel headquarters, the Cahuenga adobe.

Wild tales of Sutter's foreign mercenaries had so inflamed public opinion in southern California that Sutter feared for his life. But after the crestfallen Swiss swore allegiance to the new Mexican regime, his captors released him. Shaken, he led the remnants of his army back to New Helvetia, swearing never again to mix in Mexican politics. The shameful defeat at Cahuenga Pass was devastating to Sutter's morale because of his shattered pride and his almost oriental concern for "face." It was more than a turning point in Sutter's career; it was his Waterloo as a would-be soldier. And although he did not realize it, his days as liege lord of the Sacramento were now numbered. Erstwhile friends turned on Sutter. When John Coffin Jones crowed at his misfortune, "Sutter has fallen and I think, like Lucifer, never to rise again," the Swiss was so demoralized that he was ready to sell his fort to the Mexican government during 1845, even though he was then in complete sympathy with the American emigrants who were arriving in ever-increasing numbers.

Probably, Sutter was lulled into false security in 1846 by his friendship with most of the Americans in California. He was caught flat footed by the Bear Flag Revolt of that summer. American filibusterers who wanted a Yankee California decided to seize the Mexican territory by force. They captured Sonoma and took General Vallejo and his aides prisoner.

Though a Mexican citizen and still a civil and military officer, Sutter was by now quite pro-American. Ironically, even Vallejo was moving in this direction, too. Not only did Sutter miss the handwriting on the adobe wall (he was appalled by the weakness of the chronically revolutionary —and almost comic opera—government), but he could not stomach such hardcases as Zeke Merritt and Granville Swift, who were prominent among the *Osos*, or "Bears." Once again, as at Cahuenga, Sutter was caught squarely in the middle. And he was incapable of resolute action because of his divided loyalties. The self-confidence of the Baron of the Sacramento began to melt away before his ambivalence.

Sutter yielded his power not to the rough Bear Flaggers but to the ambitious and enigmatic interloper who was soon masterminding them. John C. Frémont, a skilled explorer and topographer, had either been Sutter's friend in 1844 or had convincingly posed as such. When the so-called Pathfinder stumbled into Sutter's Fort with his ragged and hungry men after their remarkable winter crossing of the Sierra, the compulsively generous Swiss had lodged, fed, and clothed them. He had even given Frémont his own favorite riding horse.

If Frémont was grateful, he showed his appreciation in a strange manner. Sizing up the anarchic situation in California in the spring of forty-six when he returned, Frémont was strangely aloof with Sutter. (After all, the latter *was* a Mexican officer). But Frémont took the "Bears" under his epauletted wing. Once news of the outbreak of war between the United States and Mexico reached Frémont, he integrated the "Bears" into his own California Battalion.

When Vallejo and the other Sonomans were marched to New Helvetia, as the only strong point for detention, Merritt turned them over to Frémont who passed them on to Sutter, expecting the latter to be his turnkey. But Sutter was so sorry for the prisoners and so distressed by Frémont's shabby treatment of Vallejo that he did everything

in his power to make their incarceration comfortable. Before Vallejo was released on parole by Commodore John Sloat (not Frémont), he wrote his brother, "We owe him [Sutter] for a thousand favors to us, and we shall be eternally grateful to him."

Sutter's fraternization with the "enemy" exasperated Frémont. The latter did everything but imprison Sutter in his own fort. He took the fort away from him, renamed it Fort Sacramento, and placed Lieutenant Edward Kern in command. Joseph Warren Revere, Paul Revere's grandson, reported (in *A Tour of Duty in California* [1849]) that some of the "Bears" threatened Sutter with death "for the capital crime of being polite to the captives." And one of the prisoners, Jacob P. Leese, claimed that Sutter's consolation of the captives so infuriated Frémont that he lost his head. "Word was sent to Captain Sutter that, if he would visit our room again, that Captain Frémont would hang him on a branch of the old oak tree that is in the corner of the Fort."

Eventually the harassment of Sutter for his mere humanity embarrassed even Kern, who became his friend after Frémont marched away. Slowly, Sutter regained control of the fort after the departure of his nemesis. Luckily, Captain John B. Montgomery, commanding United States forces in the theater of war, gave Sutter a lieutenant's commission in the "land forces of the U.S." and made him second-in-command (to Kern) of his fort.

The war made Sutter more of a realist than he had ever been, but hardly a fatalist. He was not ready to give up, by a long shot, having overcome the gloomy depression of being twice humbled. He set to work to rebuild his fortunes in late 1846 and in 1847. His reputation for unflagging aid to people in need was enhanced by his efforts of that winter to save the Donner party, trapped in the snowy Sierra.

BY THE TIME that the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ended the Mexican War in February of 1848, Sutter seemed to be enjoying a second wind. Apparently, success and prosperity were ensured by the accident of his decision to build a sawmill in the Sierra foothills to provide lumber for his fort. At Coloma, Sutter's millwright, the eccentric James W. Marshall, discovered gold in the tailrace on January 24, 1848.

Sutter, for once, was as decisive as he had been in the Hawaiian huts of 1839. He held the (reasonable) loyalty of Marshall and his ex–Mormon Battalion workers, whom he treated well. Sutter swore them to secrecy and made Marshall his gold-mining partner. Next, he secured a treaty or compact with the local Indians which gave him and his partner sole rights to dig for gold on the South Fork of the American River. Finally, he sent a secret messenger to the United States military governor, Richard B. Mason, for approval of his agreement with the Indians. On March 5 the governor replied that the document was invalid. He could not sanction such a contract because the federal government did not recognize the right of Indian nations to sell or lease the lands which they inhabited.

Now, alas, the little world which Sutter had made for himself in the California hinterland began to fall to pieces. His messenger, Charles Bennett, had broken his trip to Monterey at Benicia. In Captain Ed Von Pfister's general store and saloon, he had bragged of Marshall's find and had shown off some *chispas* or nuggets. Then the secrecy at Coloma itself was broken by one of the workers' children and by the careless payment of a teamster in gold dust. The dust found its way into the hands of the apostate Mormon storekeeper, Sam Brannan, who rented space at the fort from Sutter. Hoping to drum up business, Brannan was soon parading San Francisco's streets with a flask of dust, shouting, "Gold! Gold from the American River!"

Brannan touched off the gold rush, though the rush of forty-eight was a modest one, of Californians only. By 1849 word had spread around the world, and a tidal wave of humanity flooded into California. Sutter was seemingly still in a perfect position to profit from El Dorado. The initial strike was on his and Marshall's (de facto) mill property; the workers who found the nuggets were his men; the Indians who really owned the land were his friends. He was also more familiar with the Sierra foothills than any other man, and Sutter's Fort was the only possible outfitting point for the mines. Finally, he had the necessary (Indian) manpower for large-scale mining operations.

Yet it was the beginning of the end. Sutter took a turn at prospecting and mining near Mormon Bar and at Sutter Creek. But the newcomers had no respect for him and hated his Indians. They beat up some of the latter and kidnapped others for servants. As greedy Americans began to squat on his land, steal his cattle and horses, and loose their stock in his grain fields, Sutter lost his nerve again and began to drink to excess, perhaps in hopes of recapturing it. As his utopia turned into pandemonium, he became numb, his will paralyzed. He was alone in correctly seeing the bonanza as an interruption in the orderly process of California's growth. He put his faith in agriculture, not gold mining. He became demoralized further as fair-weather friends deserted him. T. J. Schoonover (in *The Life and Times of General John A. Sutter* [1895]) remarked, "He was very popular with the pioneers, some of whom praised him but to decoy, dealt with him but to plunder." Only a few of his lieutenants remained true to him, men like John Bidwell and Pearson B. Reading. More and more, he sought the friendship of John Barleycorn as he discovered how correct W. R. Prince was when the latter wrote a friend in October of 1850 that "Poor Suter [*sic*] will find that a Yankee will cheat him in the end."

Litigation over his land titles bankrupted Sutter by 1852, although his original Mexican grant was eventually confirmed to him by the United States government. Finding himself impotent when his New Helvetia holdings were overrun and ruined with impunity by squatters, who were backed by sly Philadelphia shysters and hungry politicos, Sutter capitulated. He sold out his remaining interest in the deteriorated fort and quite literally fled from the despoiled properties to the peace and quiet of his Hock Farm, a favorite retreat on the Feather River.

But even his Feather River retreat was doomed. Having

made a habit of stripping his shelves and emptying his purse to aid those in need, he continued to take in American strays at Hock Farm. He made the mistake of thrashing one fellow who repaid his kindness by stealing from him. The ruffian retaliated for this punishment by burning Hock Farm to the ground.

WHIPPED as well as embittered, Captain Sutter fled again. In 1864 he escaped to the East and a defeatist obscurity in Lititz, Pennsylvania. There he applied to Congress for relief. He asked for compensation for his ruin at the hands of the very Americans whom he had aided from 1841 until 1864. California had taken pity on him in 1862 and, until 1878, gave him a state pension of $250 a month, alms which at least kept body and soul together.

Like Joseph Conrad's protagonist Lord Jim, John Sutter had pursued glamorous dreams of adventure in order to escape the status quo of mundane reality. His small world was a dull one of debts, a nagging wife, the responsibility of raising children. Good and bad motives were interwoven in his character; he was anything but all black or white. Sometimes he upheld his lofty, almost chivalric, standards. At other times, he let them down like the half-hero, half-coward that he was. A simple man at heart, Sutter was a romantic who sallied forth to do battle with a complex, frightening world. He was full of heroic ideals, dreams of gallantry, and illusions. He was hungry for glory and honor. But his vacillating behavior was a faithful mirror reflecting the indecisiveness of his inner nature.

Sutter's abilities lay largely (but not entirely) in the abstract; they were soundest when not put to the test. He was a true visionary who mistakenly thought himself to be a man of action. Because he had an attractive personality and skillfully camouflaged the chinks in his armor while dashing about, confusing sheer movement and sound and fury with meaningful action, he seemed to display qualities of leadership. These, for a time, won him a large following.

John Sutter was a good man but weak and easily outbluffed, lacking the courage of his convictions. He was never antisocial. Even as a brash and posturing young man, he was an unconvincing snob because he was not aloof but genial and charming in manner. Vain and self-assertive, Sutter was paradoxically (but honestly) interested in others. Perhaps most important of all, he was not a betrayer of his friends. He was, indeed, the *victim* of ingratitude. His style as Baron of the Sacramento was not bullying but as paternal as that of a Spanish grandee.

Finally, Sutter's life was one of irony. His brave intentions were insufficient to save him. He failed when faced with the hostility of the real world. And yet in a very real sense, the "failure" won. He won the love and respect of Americans, belatedly, because he was more the victim of his finer instincts—kindness, hospitality, compassion—than of his negative qualities. These strengths of character became liabilities in the dog-eat-dog world of the California gold rush.

Sutter's generosity became legendary; it was his saving grace. As historian John S. Hittell wrote (in *The Resources of California* [1863]), "Sutter treated all comers with the utmost generosity and liberality; no white man was turned away because of inability to pay for food or lodging." His hospitality ensured his being remembered not only in history books and in such monuments as Sutter's Mill and Sutter's Fort, but in such live names on the land as Sutter Creek and Sutterville, Sutter County and Sutter Buttes, and San Francisco's Sutter Street.

Probably California's belated charity toward Sutter was influenced by the multiplied sentiments of men like Captain William Swasey who described (in *The Early Days and Men of California* [1891]) Sutter's Fort as "an ark of refuge, safety and supply to the early Anglo-American immigrants . . . destined to become the founders of the state of California." Or Joseph Warren Revere's opinion of the early Sutter: "I doubt if a more remarkable instance of individual energy, perseverance and heroism has ever been displayed. . . . Men have been deified on slighter grounds."

Captain Sutter haunted the halls of the nation's Capitol during sessions, but his campaign was in vain. His will to live broke completely just two days after Congress adjourned without action on his sixteenth claim. Sutter was found dead in his room at the Pennsylvania Hotel in Washington on June 18, 1880. The doctor's verdict was death by natural causes. Possibly he was right. Given the human condition, it is perhaps only "natural" for a man to die of despair, of heartbreak, if he has been wronged so often and so badly as was the pioneer of American California, Captain John Augustus Sutter. **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

The best sources on Sutter are James P. Zollinger's *Sutter, The Man and his Empire* (1939) and *Fool's Gold* by Richard Dillon (1967). Sutter's own manuscript "autobiography" is in Bancroft Library but is skimpy and incomplete; Dr. Erwin G. Gudde edited it as *Sutter's Own Story* (1936). Sutter's diary is useful but again incomplete; it was published as *The Diary of Johann August Sutter* (1932). Better is the Fort's journal, called *New Helvetia Diary* (1939).

An interesting brief appraisal is Douglas S. Watson's introduction to *The Diary of Johann August Sutter* which was reprinted as a pamphlet by the Grabhorn Press in 1932 as *The Life of John August Sutter*. Oscar Lewis's *Sutter's Fort* (1966) is the only adequate treatment of Nueva Helvetia. Marguerite Eyer Wilbur translated and edited much (but not all) of Heinrich Lienhard's memoir of service with Sutter, *A Pioneer at Sutter's Fort, 1846–50* (1941). It is an excellent, rich source but should be used with care since young Lienhard was excessively critical of Sutter and probably resentful of the older man's fame and accomplishments. The same caveat applies to the little-known *John A. Sutter, Sr., and His Grants* by Johann Laufkotter (1867). Very useful is George P. Hammond's *Larkin Papers* (1951–64).

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SUTTER'S FORT

(Continued from page 14)

cious of his ambitions and loyalties. Nevertheless, the fort's function as a military installation was more potential than real.

The discovery of gold at Sutter's sawmill in January, 1848, and the ensuing gold rush put an end to Sutter's plans for an empire in the Sacramento valley. When the secret of the discovery got out, almost all the workers at the fort took off for the gold fields. By the spring of 1848 the daily routine at the fort was totally disrupted; the shops were idle, and almost all the equipment that could be used to mine gold had been removed or reserved for sale to gold seekers from the coast. By summertime the fort was converted into a supply station and rest and recreation center. Piles of merchandise filled the inner yard; every available space was rented out for stores, saloons, sleeping quarters, or gambling dens. Instead of managing the fort with a firm hand, Sutter gave in to the bustle and confusion, succumbing to his fondness for drink. In August and again in the months from October, 1848, to January, 1849, he set out with a large crew of Indians to mine gold but had little success. Pressure from creditors and the crush of gold seekers on his holdings forced Sutter to sell out in March of 1849 for $40,000.

SUTTER'S SALE PRICE indicated that there was still money to be made at the "old" fort. Through much of 1849 merchants, gamblers, and saloon keepers did well there. But as the new town of Sacramento expanded rapidly along the Sacramento River (about a mile and one-half from the fort), the center of trade shifted, and the fort began to empty. A few humble shopkeepers and residents of a seedy hotel hung on there, but the fort was clearly on a permanent decline. During the latter part of 1849 the two-story central building served as a hospital, as the fort was then considered remote enough from the major population center to house the infirm and infected.

In the hectic, get-rich-quick atmosphere of the gold rush, the fort was allowed to deteriorate badly. During the 1850s the property changed hands several times. The large central building was used as a farm residence, and some of the surviving rooms that lined the outside walls were converted to storage sheds. Later, the central building became a barn and a stable. By the early 1860s the fortress walls were gone entirely, along with all of the other structures that had been Sutter's shops and storage rooms. The weather and vandals had reduced the old fort to ruin. A photograph taken in 1888 shows that the one pathetic survivor, the central building, was in desperate condition. All its windows and doors were gone, its ragged roof was sagging, and its adobe walls were stripped of their plaster, revealing large holes. But since the structure had been built on high ground, it had fortunately escaped several devastating floods that hit Sacramento between 1850 and the early 1860s.

By the 1880s many Californians considered the crumbling central building a sad monument to John Sutter. In August, 1880, less than a month after Sutter's death, the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers made a public appeal to restore the old fort as a tribute to the man. No action was taken on this proposal until 1888 when a plan to re-align some of the city streets threatened demolition of the central building. Two local parlors of the Native Sons of the Golden West and other groups started a statewide campaign to raise funds to buy the property and reconstruct the fort. In 1890 the Native Sons met the purchase price of $20,000 and a year later donated the fort ruins to the state.

Between 1889 and 1891 a team of interested citizens and city employees and officials consulted old documents, pictures, and maps, and interviewed old-timers to establish the correct size of the structure and to locate all of its features. A detailed investigation was made at the site to see what clues were left on the ground. Probably one of the very first historic archeological excavations in the West was dug in order to locate the fort's southeast corner. Records indicated that a blacksmith's shop and a coal bin had once been in this area, and the material uncovered in the dig verified this site. The remains of the northwest corner and much of the north wall (located next to the slough) had been totally obliterated by floods and erosion. Also, no trace was left of the east wall. Accordingly, the researchers and builders had to rely on fragmentary evidence and unfortunately put these two sides of the reconstructed fort in the wrong places.

Those involved in the reconstruction of the old fort performed valiantly, but they were hampered by limited resources and lack of experience, especially in archeological techniques. Consequently, they constructed the replica only about two-thirds the size of the original fort in surface area.

With an appropriation of $20,000 by the legislature, reconstruction of Sutter's Fort began in late 1891. Restoration of the central building was completed first; work on the rest of the fort continued through 1893. For practical reasons the builders deviated from the original by rebuilding the fortress walls with common brick (rather than adobe) and by roofing all the structures with terra-cotta tile (Sutter's roofs were of shakes or thatch). In 1907 and 1909 the legislature appropriated more money for landscaping, street work, and other improvements.

For the next thirty years the reconstructed fort served as a state historical museum displaying and storing a wide variety of artifacts. It had no clear policy about developing any particular type of collection or emphasizing any special historical period. But in 1926 the Sutter and gold-rush pioneer era, 1839–1869, was adopted as the theme to be stressed in collections and programs, and the museum's first official curator, Henry C. Peterson, was appointed. Largely through his efforts, the new policy was carried out. In 1947 the fort became part of the California state park system. During the early 1950s an effort was made to concentrate interpretation on the years between 1844 and 1848 as the most representative of John Sutter's time.

What might be called a re-restoration program got underway between 1958 and 1966 in order to make all the rooms, workshops, and other features reflect the 1844–1848 period more accurately. Detailed historical research conducted by Hero E. Rensch, and sophisticated professional archeology assured more accuracy in the renovation work. At that time Mr. Rensch discovered an important pamphlet containing a ground plan of the fort, drawn to scale by Heinrich Kunzel and published in Germany in 1848. Archeological work confirmed the validity of the document, and for the first time it was proven that the reconstruction of the 1890s reflected several major mistakes in the layout and placement of the walls. No effort has been made to correct those errors, however. Over the years Californians have come to respect the "old" reconstructed fort as a landmark in its own right. **AW**

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SUTTER'S SAWMILL

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as a monument to the discovery of gold and the gold rush, but his pleas went unheeded. In fact, the ground around the deteriorating structure was mined even more intensively that year. Sometime around 1855 or 1856 the last parts of the framework were removed, leaving only the foundation timbers and wood bracing for the tailrace at the site. Over the years these were completely covered with sand, mud, and gravel. Soon, people forgot the precise location of the mill.

Coloma's fortunes seem to reflect the fate of Sutter's sawmill. By the late 1850s the town was on a decline and was evolving from a bustling mining center to a quiet agricultural community. The site of the sawmill was mined several times before the turn of the century, but it had little other significance for local inhabitants. The first public recognition of the historic importance of Coloma was apparent in the late 1880s when the Native Sons of the Golden West launched a campaign to erect a monument to James Marshall. In May, 1890, the state erected a bronze statue of Marshall on an impressive stone pedestal over his grave.

Nothing more was done to honor the historic value of "Sutter's Mill" until 1924. Philip Bekeart, son of a forty-niner gunsmith who was a friend of Marshall and who had a shop in Coloma during the gold rush, organized a group of Coloma residents to plot the site of the sawmill and to excavate and verify it. He found parts of what he believed to be the foundations and several artifacts, most notable of which was a straight saw blade. To mark the site, Bekeart and his crew built a monolith composed of river cobbles and cement.

In the early 1940s the state purchased the sawmill site and declared it a state historical monument. While repairing some damage to the stone marker in 1945, a work crew uncovered several of the sawmill's foundation timbers and removed them. Two years later an extensive archeological excavation was undertaken to confirm the accuracy of Bekeart's work. The project was headed by archeologists from the University of California and historians from the National Park Service and the California state park system. The entire mill foundation and much of the tailrace were exposed, and many more historic artifacts were found.

The site of the sawmill eventually became a unit of the state park system to be named Marshall Gold Discovery State Historic Park. In the early 1960s a museum was constructed, and several historic structures, including a cabin Marshall had built one hundred years before, were restored. Around 1965 general interest developed in reconstructing a full-scale replica of Sutter's sawmill and tailrace. As a result the state parks, in cooperation with many people from El Dorado County and elsewhere in the state, launched the project. Work began in 1966, employing construction techniques of the 1840s as much as possible. The original sawmill was about 60 feet long by 20 feet wide, 18 feet from the foundation to the first floor, and another 19 feet to the pitch of the gable roof. A 12-foot undershot waterwheel powered the straight saw blade. Unlike at least one famous photograph (circa 1853) and several contemporary paintings which show two sides enclosed by boards, the sawmill had no walls while it was running at its peak. Only its roof provided protection from the weather. Drawings by Marshall himself and several illustrations made in 1849 and 1850 have verified this. The walls were added when the mill was converted into a primitive dwelling. Completed in 1968, the replica is true to the original sawmill except for its power source (an electric motor) and its location. To protect the reconstructed mill from occasional floods, it was placed several hundred feet from the first mill site. Today a scenic footpath connects the two areas, making it easy for a visitor to take a few steps back in time. **AW**

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WASHINGTON'S MOUNT ST. HELENS

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ing tour of the Pacific Northwest, made several watercolor drawings of St. Helens in eruption. He was fortunate in being spared the frustration of present-day viewers and photographers who have to wait long hours for early-spring clouds and mists to clear even momentarily from around the mountain. In his journal entry of March 25, 1847, Kane observed: "There was not a cloud visible in the sky at the time I commenced my sketch and not a breath of air was perceptible; suddenly a stream of white smoke shot up from the crater of the mountain, and hovered a short time over its summit; it then settled down like a cap. This shape it retained for about an hour and a half, and then gradually disappeared."

Kane's efforts to engage an Indian guide for the exploration of St. Helens proved fruitless, for the local tribes believed that the mountain was "inhabited by a race of beings of a different species, who are cannibals, and whom they hold in great dread." Like most of his contemporaries, Kane observed that the volcanic activity took place at a vent some distance down the slope from the summit. Chroniclers differed as to the exact location of the active crater, some placing it on the south side, others to the north; perhaps the site of geologic activity varied from time to time.

In 1853 Thomas J. Dryer, editor of the Portland *Oregonian*, led the first successful ascent of Mount St. Helens. He noted that the crater was on the northeast side and that smoke was continually issuing from its mouth, proof that the fires were still burning. Still burning they might be, but the fires were dying down. The last spurt of activity was in 1857. Eighty years later, in 1937, Jean Verhoogen published a monograph titled *Mount St. Helens: A Recent Cascade Volcano*. His conclusion was "Today the volcano is completely dormant."

But in 1980 Mount St. Helens has roused from her slumber and spoken again. The passive, beautiful princess of Northwest Indian mythology is once more shaking the earth and spouting smoke and ashes while her legendary violent suitors, mounts Hood and Adams, stand silently by. **AW**

FOR FURTHER READING

Numerous references to Mount St. Helens have appeared in the pages of the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* throughout the years. This article draws heavily on Kenneth L. Holmes, "Mount St. Helens' Recent Eruptions," *OHQ*, vol. 56 (1955), 197–210. Of special interest, also, are Ella E. Clark, "The Bridge of the Gods in Fact and Fancy," *OHQ*, vol. 53 (1952), 29–38 and "Mythology of the Indians," *OHQ*, vol. 54 (1953), 170–173.

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GRAND FORKS, YUKON TERRITORY

(Continued from page 23)

But when the gold yield from "the richest ground in history" sharply diminished after a few years, Grand Forks suffered a decline which resulted in its total abandonment. Today, only a few ramshackle frame structures mark the place where bustling Grand Forks once prospered.

The story of this boom town has been all but forgotten. However, the recent discovery of a collection of photographs has made possible the reconstruction of much of Grand Forks' history. Two American photographers, Clarke and Clarence Kinsey, lived in Grand Forks when its streets were crowded with fortune hunters, and stayed on to witness the exodus of most of the town's inhabitants. The Kinseys left a treasure trove of photographs reflecting the story of Grand Forks in all its diversity.

Members of a notable family of photographers from Snoqualmie, Washington (a third brother, Darius, became the preeminent Northwest logging photographer), the Kinseys began their Yukon adventure in 1898. Washington state was alive with news of the Klondike gold discovery. Clarence, then 26, and Clarke, a newlywed and just 21, formed a partnership; with Clarke's wife, Mary, they booked passage out of Seattle on a steamer for Skagway. After crossing notorious Chilkoot Pass and journeying overland to Lake Bennett, the Kinseys continued by boat down the Yukon River to Dawson. By the end of 1898 they moved on to Grand Forks, built a cabin, set up a tent studio, and filed a claim on Gold Hill overlooking the town. For the next several years they would divide their energies between photography and gold mining.

THE TOWN of Grand Forks owed its beginnings to a young, energetic Irish-American woman named Belinda Mulrooney. Anxious to profit from the Klondike gold strike, Belinda left her job as stewardess on a Pacific coast steamer and arrived in Dawson in late 1897. She brought with her $5,000 worth of silk and cotton goods and hot water bottles to sell. With her customary acumen, Belinda soon sold her wares for $30,000 and began looking for a suitable investment. Concluding that Dawson was already overcrowded with eager entrepreneurs, Belinda decided to move out in the field near the mining claims. At the fork of Eldorado and Bonanza creeks, she hired unemployed miners to build cabins and to start the construction of a two-story hotel, in order to accommodate the rush of prospectors which she expected the following spring and summer.

Belinda Mulrooney named her new hotel for the forks of Eldorado and Bonanza where it was built, and just as she expected, a town began growing around it. The town took its name from the hotel, the Grand Forks. Belinda worked behind the bar at her hotel, and served the highest-priced liquor in the Klondike. But while her liquor was expensive, her meals, reputed to be twice as good as those offered in Dawson, sold for only about half the Dawson price.

Belinda's great success with her hotel resulted in another rush, that of businessmen to the Forks. Max Endelman made his fortune in real estate, buying up much of the land which was later developed in the middle of town. Among other hostelries in Grand Forks by the turn of the century was the Garvie Hotel and Livery Stable, owned by Alex Garvie, a former dairy farmer from Washington state. Garvie's wife helped run the hotel and was also the unofficial banker of Grand Forks. Currency was scarce, and it was often difficult to find change. Mrs. Garvie kept a roll of bills stuffed in the tops of her stockings—tens and twenties in one; ones, twos, and fives in the other. Whenever anyone needed change for a hundred dollar bill or a gold piece, he headed for the Garvie. The proprietress would turn around, hike up the hem of her skirt, and pull the change out of her stocking tops.

Besides a number of hotels, other businesses mushrooming in Grand Forks were blacksmith shops, drugstores, butcher shops, laundries, freighters, barber shops, livery stables, saloons, bakeries, restaurants, general stores, an icehouse, and a public bath.

For entertainment the Grand Forks hotels had bars with dancing and gambling, and miners could find a row of prostitutes' cabins just across the street from the new North West Mounted Police headquarters. But the town did not have a theater; miners wanting stage shows had to go to Dawson, as they did for a library or bank, or a dentist —at least during the town's early years. However, even though there was no stage for her, Grand Forks did have at least one actress of some reputation. Max Endelman brought Violet Raymond to his hotel from Juneau where she had been performing at the Opera House. Endelman did not bring her to perform, however. He lured her north with his talk of gold to become his mistress. She was quite an attraction, and most miners seemed quite content to sit and drink and just stare at her.

By the end of the century, a head count indicated that there were close to ten thousand people living in Grand Forks and along the streams nearby, with men outnumbering women and children about nine to one. The women in town were probably an even mixture of prostitutes, shopkeepers, and housewives. Out along the streams, most of the women were housewives, with the exception of a few who were mining (most of whom were probably widows) and a few who were operating roadhouses or stores.

By 1900, public services in Grand Forks were upgraded or inaugurated. Streets and sewers were improved. Fire protection was provided by a branch detachment of the full-time territorial fire department. A two-story frame building was erected to provide offices and living quarters for a detachment of the North West Mounted Police. The Mounties had little serious crime to contend with at Grand Forks. The most common offenses involved alcohol—drinking too much of it, selling it without a license, selling it to a dance-hall girl, allowing a dance-hall girl to serve it,

or being abusive, obscene, or violent after drinking it. There were occasional robberies, and most of them were also related to drinking.

THE PEAK YEARS for the Klondike and for Grand Forks were so brief that they were over before they could be enjoyed. Almost simultaneously the gold rush ended, the new century arrived, and the pace of life slowed. In terms of gold production, 1900 was the biggest year in the Klondike; in terms of government services and social progress, 1901 and 1902 were the best years for those living in Grand Forks. But the progress came too late.

Gold production, which dictated directly and indirectly everything that happened in the Klondike, told the story explicitly. During the first year of the rush, in 1897, miners took out an estimated $2.5 million in gold. The figure jumped to $10 million in 1898, $16 million in 1899, and to $22 million in 1900. That was the peak. Production dropped thereafter, year after year—to $18 million in 1901, $14.5 million in 1902, $12.3 million in 1903, and only $9.4 million in 1904.

With the rich concentrations of gold rapidly playing out, people began leaving Grand Forks by the hundreds. The beginning of the end for the town really started in 1901, however, when the first gold dredge began operating in the Klondike. Although viewed as no more than a novelty by most of those who watched it, the dredge signaled the end of one of the most glorious periods in North American history. Twentieth-century mechanization was the single overriding factor that buried Klondike society—literally and figuratively. The only way to extract the shrinking supply of gold from the Klondike and still make money now was by spending big money, which meant big companies and big dredges.

By 1906 there were four dredges operating in the Klondike, including two on lower Bonanza Creek. That same year, mechanization of the gold-mining region continued with completion of the Klondike Mines Railway. Running from Dawson to Grand Forks and on to Sulphur Springs—a distance of thirty-two miles—it was the farthest-north railroad on the continent. During the same period, a steel pipeline was built, stretching seventy-five miles through the gold fields to carry water for large-scale hydraulic mining.

The new gold dredges kept Klondike mining alive, sifting gold from the dirt and gravel at a cost of only a few cents a cubic yard. Eventually more than a dozen of the huge machines worked up and down the creeks. What once had been stream banks lined by miners and their cabins and sluices became endless fields of symmetrical mounds of dredged-through waste. While the dredges worked, Klondike society lost whatever stability that remained, and the population continued to dwindle. The people who had given the region its color, after sharing in its glory, drifted away.

In Grand Forks, stores sold out their entire stocks as owners salvaged what they could from their investments. In 1906 the mining inspector's office was boarded up. As the town's population shrank, the North West Mounted Police phased out their detachment. By 1909 only one Mountie remained, and in 1911 even he was transferred. Churches and stores were abandoned and demolished, the Klondike Railway stopped its operations, and the old dance halls became no more than a memory.

In 1906 photographer Clarke Kinsey, his wife Mary, and their two boys left Grand Forks for Seattle. They took what furniture they could easily pack and several hundred of the Kinseys' best glass-plate negatives. Clarence Kinsey remained behind, reluctant to give up the mining that had become a way of life for him. Although none of Clarence's claims became big producers, it would be 1919 before he finally returned to the Outside.

In 1921 some of the world's largest dredges, which continued to chew up the Klondike until the 1960s, moved up Bonanza Creek and through Grand Forks itself. Meanwhile, hydraulic mining stripped off much of Gold Hill, and the tailings were dumped on the once-thriving town, obliterating most of what remained.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT recently began a long-term program to restore the Klondike—the gold-rush buildings in Dawson and some of the areas out along the creeks. However, there are no definite plans for Grand Forks. A sign marks the spot where part of the town once existed, and an enlargement of a photograph taken by Clarke and Clarence Kinsey just after the turn of the century gives visitors an idea of what Grand Forks looked like.

Bonanza Creek winds along roughly the same path it always did, through the valley until it joins the Klondike River near Dawson. Two cabins are perched rather precariously above the creek, and the overgrown remains of the cemetery are still visible beyond the former townsite. On Gold Hill, hidden in seventy-five years' growth of trees and moss, is a pile of boards—remains of what was once the school; another crumple of boards at the place where one of the community's churches stood bears a resemblance to a steeple; and there are a couple of well-built cabins defying the years and an equally well-constructed outhouse still standing. Scattered along the spongy hillsides are rusted heaps of cans, garbage piles from the last miners who lived there.

Today, staring up and down the little trickle of water known as Bonanza Creek, one finds it difficult to imagine that nearly ten thousand men, women, and children once made the area their home. Only a handful of those people are still alive today, and in a few years they will be gone, too. But because of the survival of hundreds of photographs taken by the brothers Clarke and Clarence Kinsey, there still is a Grand Forks. It would have been a shame to have buried such a glorious town without even a headstone to mark the grave. Fortunately, the Kinseys left a vivid epitaph in their pictures, attesting to what a truly remarkable town Grand Forks once was. **AW**

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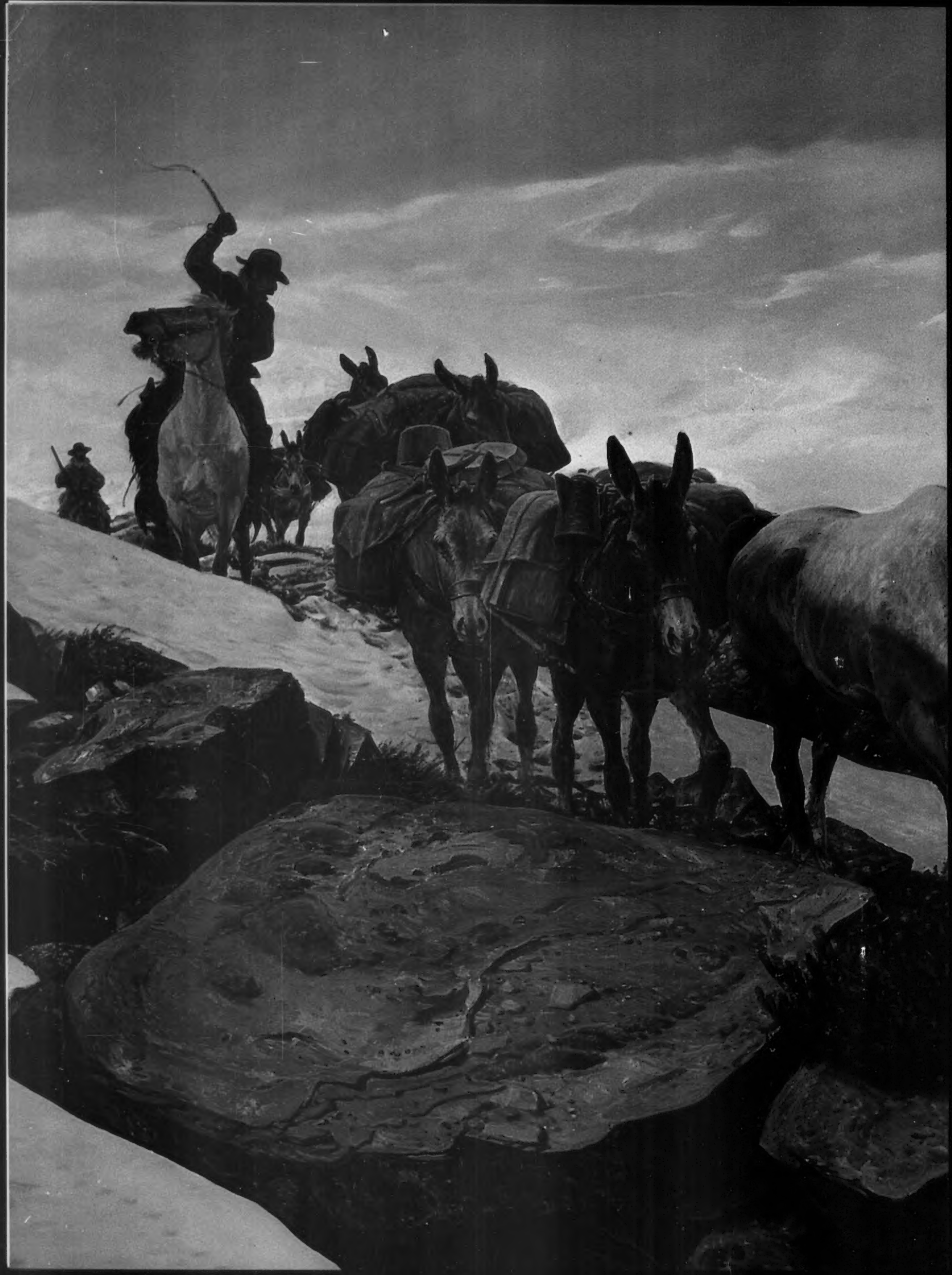
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